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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1897.

## THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

It is to be hoped that the Nicaragua Canal bill, now pending in the United States Senate, will become a law before the close of the present Congress. For nearly fifty years we have waited in vain to see an interoceanic waterway cut through the Nicaragua Isthmus; but, unless the bill referred to is rejected, the desired work will be fairly under way before the beginning of the twentieth century. The completion of a canal connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific would have so obvious a bearing on the future strength and welfare of our nation that it seems incredible that Senators should fail to pass the measure now before them.

The Nicaragua route is not, of course, the only one along which the isthmus might be pierced, but nobody believes that the Panama Canal will be completed, or that the Tehuantepec Canal, formerly projected, will ever be undertaken. If the shares representing a large part of the enormous amount of money squandered on the Isthmus of Panama by the colleagues and agents of M. de Lesseps could be entirely wiped out, it might be possible to borrow enough money to finish that partly constructed waterway. The ground for such a transaction would be rapidly cleared by a foreclosure, if the Panama Canal company were an American corporation. But the French government will never permit scores of thousands of small investors to be deprived of their securities; consequently the procurement of the sum needed to complete the work is impracticable; the earnings of the canal would never suffice to pay an acceptable dividend on the whole outstanding indebtedness. The Nicaragua route has been repeatedly surveyed by engineers acting for the United States government, as well as for private capitalists, and their estimates of cost have been carefully verified. These estimates differ, but the highest falls far short of the sum already expended on the ill-fated experiment at Panama. That, considered as an engineering enterprise, the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal is entirely feasible, there seems to be no doubt; and it is deemed equally certain that the necessary outlay would not, under the most untoward circumstances, exceed one hundred and fifty million dollars. Assuming, however, that the cost should reach two hundred million dollars, we may say with confidence that the net earnings, even during the first year after the canal was opened to traffic, would pay a dividend of at least three and one-half per cent upon the capi-

tal invested, which dividend, as in the case of the Suez Canal, would rapidly increase as the oceanic commerce of the world should accommodate itself to the new conditions of trade and travel. A glance at the map will show that a voyage from England, Germany, or France to the western coast of the American continent, and even to the eastern coast of Asia, would be materially shortened by the opening of the Nicaragua Canal.

It is, however, the commercial and political interests of the United States which are most deeply concerned in the proposed interoceanic water route. The moment food products could be shipped, without breaking bulk, directly from our Pacific States to New York or Liverpool, a tremendous impulse would be given to the development of agriculture in the region west of the Rocky Mountains. At present, the length of the voyage around Cape Horn, and the cost of trans-shipment by rail at Panama, together with the necessity of breaking bulk twice at that isthmus, discourage the producers of food staples in California and Oregon. As for overland transportation by means of one of the Pacific railways, the freight charges are too onerous to be borne by any but comparatively expensive products. Consequently, a wide region capable of a vast output of wheat, is being gradually restricted to the purveying of fruit and wine. Under the more favorable traffic conditions, which would follow the opening of the Nicaragua Canal, California alone might produce wheat enough to supply the English market with that staple. From a political and military viewpoint, the construction of a Nicaragua canal may not seem to be of such vital importance as it was forty-five years ago. At that time no railway spanned the continent, and the quickest way of re-enforcing our troops in San Francisco and other Pacific seaports was to send soldiers across the American isthmus, although this involved debarkation at Aspinwall and re-embarkation at Panama. Now, on the other hand, a garrison may be strengthened in a few days by the overland route. Nevertheless, the lack of an interoceanic waterway is still a matter of grave inconvenience from a naval point of view. It practically compels us to maintain two navies, one on the Atlantic and the other on the Pacific. It would be practically impossible in the event of war to concentrate naval forces separated by the whole length of the Continent. For this reason alone our Federal government could afford to assume the whole cost of cutting the Nicaraguan isthmus.

When we consider the Nicaraguan canal question from the viewpoint of our duty to protect our Pacific seaboard cities from attack by foreign ships of war, we can see not only that we ought to open an interoceanic waterway, but that we ought to control it exclusively; and to that end fortify and garrison its terminal stations. A canal, neutralized in the sense of being as available to an enemy as to ourselves, would be the reverse of useful. But have we the right to assert ownership or exclusive control of a Nicaraguan Canal? Of course, we should have no right to do this, except so far as it should be conceded by treaties made with Nicaragua and Costa Rica, the Central American States which are immediately concerned. Such treaties have been concluded, however, and they would undoubtedly receive any needful emendation or expansion if, as it is alleged by the Minister of the new Central American Confederation, some amendments are required to adapt them to the bill now pending in the Senate. But are we not bound by treaty with England not to assert ownership or exclusive control of the canal? The inquiry compels us to examine the purport and the present status of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, about which there is a vast amount of misconception current. How an American statesman could ever have brought himself to sign that treaty, or how the American Senate could have been persuaded to confirm it, is a matter of bewilderment to American citizens to-day. The preamble to this treaty, which was proclaimed on July 5, 1850, sets forth that the United States of America and her Britannic Majesty are desirous of consolidating relations of amity by fixing in a convention their views and intentions with reference to any means of communication by ship canal, which may be constructed between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by way of the river St. Juan de Nicaragua, and either or both of the lakes of Nicaragua and Managua, to any

port or place on the Pacific Ocean. Thereupon Article 1 declares that the governments of the United States and Great Britain agree that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship canal, and that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same, or in the vicinity thereof; or occupy, or fortify, or colonize, or assume or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Coast, or any part of Central America. The possibility of such treaties, as we have recently concluded with Nicaragua and Costa Rica, was also foreseen, for the Clayton-Bulwer treaty expressly provides that neither the United States nor Great Britain will take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection or influence that either may possess with any State or government through the territory of which the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding directly or indirectly for the citizens or subjects of the one any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal, which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other. Then follows a provision of portentous import; for it would manifestly permit Great Britain, in the event of war with the United States, to send through the Nicaraguan Canal a war fleet capable of destroying the small naval force at present maintained by us on the Pacific coast. The second article of the treaty provides that vessels of the United States or Great Britain traversing or intending to traverse the canal, shall in case of war between the contracting parties be exempted from blockade, detention or capture, by either of the belligerents; and this provision is to extend to such a distance from the two ends of the said canal as it may be found expedient to establish. It should next be noted, as showing the extraordinary extent of the partnership entered into by the United States and Great Britain through the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, that the two powers jointly guarantee the private capitalists, who should undertake to construct the canal, against interference on the part of the incessantly changing but always rapacious Central American governments. The third article of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty embodies an agreement to this effect: In order to secure the construction of the said canal, the contracting parties engage that if any such canal shall be undertaken upon fair and equitable terms by any parties having the authority of the local government through the territory of which the same may pass, then the persons employed in making the said canal, and their property used for that object, shall be protected from the commencement of the canal until its completion by the governments of the United States and Great Britain from unjust detention, confiscation, seizure, or any violence whatsoever.

The contracting parties further engaged that when the said canal should have been completed, they would protect it from interruption, seizure or unjust confiscation, and that they would guaranty the neutrality thereof so that the waterway might forever be open and free, and the capital invested therein secure. That the parties to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty did not intend to limit their agreement to any specific cutting of the Nicaragua isthmus then projected, or even to any future utilization of the Nicaragua route in particular for a ship canal, is evident from the eighth article whereby the governments of the United States and Great Britain declare that, having not only desired in entering into that convention to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America; and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by way of Tehuantepec or Panama.

We have reviewed at length the provisions of this remarkable treaty, because they are continually misquoted in the newspapers, or misinterpreted by public men. We should add that the treaty contains no denunciation clause, or in other words, no provision that either of the contracting parties may, at any time, declare a desire to put an end to it, with the result that at a given date thereafter, usually one year, the treaty shall become inoperative and void.



The absence of any such clause, coupled with the fact that the words "ever" and "forever" frequently recur, indicates that the treaty was intended and understood to be perpetual. If this view of the purport of the treaty and of the understanding of the parties be correct, the agreement can only be broken by war or by the joint consent of England and of the United States. It should, however, be noted that two American Secretaries of State have held the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to be inoperative. For instance in 1881 Mr. Blaine wrote: "This convention was made more than thirty years ago, under exceptional and extraordinary conditions which have long ceased to exist; conditions which at best were temporary in their nature, and which can never be reproduced." In 1884 Secretary Frelinghuysen asserted that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was voidable by the United States: "This, I think, has been fully demonstrated on two grounds: first, that the consideration of the treaty having failed, its object (the construction of an interoceanic canal) never having been accomplished, the United States did not receive that for which they covenanted; and secondly, that Great Britain has persistently violated her agreement not to colonize the Central American coast." To this England's representatives would reply that the text of the treaty itself, and especially the eighth article above referred to, shows that the agreement was not limited to any particular canal enterprise, contemplated in 1850, but covered future canals in general that should at any time be cut through any part of the American isthmus from Tehuantepec to Panama. They would also contend that Mr. Frelinghuysen's second point was not well taken, because after the framing of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, Sir Henry Bulwer filed a memorandum in our State Department to the effect that nothing in the treaty should be held to debar Great Britain from retaining that part of Central America, known as British Honduras, which she actually possessed. Mr. Clayton replied that such was the understanding of our State Department. England, then, had a right under the treaty to keep British Honduras, but the boundaries of the province were at that time indeterminate, and they could only be defined by treaties with the adjoining Spanish-American commonwealths. It is true that British Honduras is now much larger than it was supposed to be in 1850; but its expanded boundaries have been fixed by treaties with the neighboring republics, and it can scarcely be argued that by accepting such delimitation treaties England violated the agreement embodied in the Clayton-Bulwer convention. The advocates of Great Britain before an international tribunal would further point out that the islands in the Bay of Honduras, which Great Britain occupied in 1850, she has since renounced, and that she has also given up her claim to a protectorate over the Mosquito Coast. They would maintain, therefore, that the treaty, which certainly upon its face is not voidable but perpetual, has not been rendered void by any failure on the part of Great Britain to conform to its conditions, and that, consequently, any Nicaragua canal, by whomever constructed, must be operated under the joint guaranty and control of Great Britain and the United States.

We do not hesitate to express the opinion that any international tribunal, whereon a foreign sovereign or his representative had the casting vote, would adjudge the Clayton-Bulwer treaty to be still valid and binding. To us, therefore, it is a matter of vital moment to prevent the question of the validity of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty from coming within the cognizance of such a tribunal, as it undoubtedly would come under the general arbitration treaty arranged by Mr. Olney and Sir Julian Pauncefote. For, under that treaty, if confirmed without amendments, this question would eventually come before a court made up of five jurists of repute, to be selected as follows: Two by each of the contracting parties, and a fifth to act as umpire by the four thus nominated, or, in the event of the failure of the nominating bodies to agree, the umpire is to be appointed by the King of Sweden. As the decision of this tribunal is to be rendered by a bare majority, the umpire named by the King of Sweden would, of course, have the casting vote.

Now, for upward of fifteen years it has been known throughout the United States that we would rather go to war with England than acknowledge the validity of the Clayton-Bulwer

treaty. The convention constitutes the gravest blot upon our diplomatic history; it is a disgrace to the American Secretary of State who signed it, and to the Senate which confirmed it. All treaties, however, can be broken by war or by joint agreement of the parties, and we should undoubtedly summon England to take her choice between those methods of breaking it the moment the Nicaraguan canal were built. We do not believe that any British statesman, once called upon to choose between those alternatives, would hesitate a moment to concur in our declaration that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is inoperative and void. Secretary Olney missed a favorable opportunity for securing England's concurrence in this matter without resorting to a threat. For the sake of a general arbitration treaty, which would leave Great Britain entirely free from molestation or anxiety on this side of the Atlantic for, at least, five years, free to play her part in the great European conflict which is impending, we have no doubt that Lord Salisbury would have gladly acceded to our wishes with respect to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

What Mr. Olney failed to do the United States Senate can accomplish. It can amend the general arbitration treaty by inserting a declaration that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is null and void, and that consequently no claim under it can come before an international tribunal. Then the Nicaraguan canal will be built, and, when built, it will be guaranteed, protected, and controlled exclusively by the government of the United States.

## THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

BY JOHN HABBERTON,  
Author of "Helen's Babies."

MONEY is so cheap in New York at present that the banks have had to restrain one another, by agreement, from lending "on call" at less than two per cent interest. Some of the largest have reduced their interest on deposits by country banks to one and one-half per cent. Such a state of affairs must puzzle the farmer or villager who wishes to borrow, but cannot, at the legal rate of interest, and there are hard things being said throughout the rural districts about bankers and their ways. It may somewhat console and pacify the indignant to know that thousands of honest residents of this city have quite as much trouble as the farmers in borrowing money at easy rates or even the legal rate. It is not that they cannot offer good security, but that their property is not such as can be realized upon at a day's notice should the loan not be paid at maturity.

It has been explained that would-be pugilists fight so hard with their tongues and pens because in no State of the Union are they allowed to fight with their bare fists. Now, however, it is reported that the Legislature of Nevada is about to legalize prize-fighting. If there really must be a part of the Union in which superfluous blood and muscle may be got rid of through violence, Nevada will best answer the purpose, for it contains fewer inhabitants than any other State, so there is less public sentiment to be outraged and fewer people to suffer by the manners of the average attendants at prize-fights. For the sake of the other States, too, it is well that inevitable prize-fights be "pulled off" out there, for Nevada is far, far from the center of civilization, and tongs who may be stranded there won't easily return to their old haunts.

New and unexpected results of the business depression and low prices of the last three years continue to make themselves known. One of the latest is that immigration was comparatively light last year; less than a quarter of a million people came over. During the last twenty years the larger part of the immigrants went West, started new farms or worked on the older ones, and thus did much to develop the newer States; last year, however, more than half of the would-be Americans remained in the East. The growing scarcity or inaccessibility of land that may be pre-empted or bought at the government's price has done something toward decreasing immigration, but the low price, until recently, of wheat and corn, has undoubtedly been the reason of the small influx of Scandinavians and Germans.

The habit of carrying deadly weapons has caused legislators about as much trouble as the drinking habit, for with the one as with the other prohibition does not prohibit. A law recently proposed in South Carolina, however, suggests a method of lessening the harm done by men who persist in being armed at all times; the law alluded to would, for ten dollars, give a license to carry knife, pistol or other weapon, but it would require the name of the person taking out such a license to be published several times in a county paper. By this method the public would be forewarned; no one cares to quarrel with a man who is known to be prepared to shoot, cut or stab, nor will one linger near a place where such a person is quarreling with some one else, for angry men generally "shoot wild" and hit the wrong target.

Since the use of gas made from water became general there has been persistent fighting in most American cities and towns against the prices charged for the new illuminant. Figures have been published to show that it costs less than half as much as coal gas, and should therefore be at least twice as cheap. Recently, however, a great scare was started in Boston against water gas itself, and if the statements made by some medical and scientific authorities are true, the people will be anxious to be rid of the gas itself rather than of its cost. Water gas is reported to contain so large a proportion

of carbonic oxide as to be dangerous to health and life; the inhaling of its fumes are said to account for the prevalence of nervous prostration, and persons breathing the gas itself are seldom resuscitated. The kerosene lamp is said to have been in great demand in Boston immediately after these statements were made.

Should water gas be placed under the ban there will be an end to the expectation of cheap fuel in large cities. It has been supposed that water gas, not prepared for illumination, would soon be sold so cheaply for cooking and heating purposes as to banish stoves and their ashes. Unless, however, ways of lessening the proportion of carbonic oxide are discovered, no one will care to have the stuff on tap in kitchen and cellar. It is a fact that although water gas was known and studied in Europe before we had it here, it has not replaced coal gas in any large cities or towns; the authorities are afraid of it.

Some recent pulpit remarks concerning the ostentation of wealth have set the entire country—judged by newspaper reports—to discussing the old, old subject of the supposed envy of the rich by the poor. It does not matter that all money spent by the rich, no matter for what, eventually reaches the poor who evolved the articles purchased from the original raw material; the rich man is still supposed to be hated. There is a lot of nonsense in the supposition, for all poor men with any spirit are doing their best to become rich, so as to have money to spend for exactly such comforts and luxuries and ornaments as the men already rich are buying. Most of our rich men began life very poor, and know quite well how the poor man feels; they know, also, that they themselves can't be so dreadfully bad if nearly all the poor are longing to be exactly like them, so far as fortune and fun are concerned.

It is to be hoped that the new fad, originating in New York, that consumptives should be isolated like other persons with contagious diseases, may be frowned down by the medical faculty at large. At least, it should be discouraged until physicians in general know more about the subject than they do at present. Thousands of supposed consumptives have no true symptoms of the disease; thousands of others have the progress of the disease arrested in its early stages; to set such people apart from their families and their kind would be merely to frighten many of them into a decline which would end in death. The medical profession, like any other, means well, but it does an immense amount of theorizing that outsiders are too likely to take for fact. It should put a strong grip on itself.

If Congress could have its way we would have thirty million dollars to expend on new public buildings this year. This, for a nation staggering under a deficit which it knows not how to abate, would be an extraordinary outlay to contemplate. According to all business rules and precedents, the individual who builds a new house for himself while his expenses are already exceeding his receipts is either a knave or a fool; his only possible excuse is that his old house burned down or was otherwise destroyed. Public buildings have not been destroyed throughout the United States; some of them may be crowded, others are rented instead of owned, and all of them may be ugly, but after three years of hard times the taxpayers are not in the humor to put thirty million dollars into buildings without which we can get along fairly well for a year or two.

Sense and sentiment, sentimentality and suspicion are so generally and vigorously at work upon the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty that all possible views of the subject will soon be within reach of every one who reads the newspapers. As it is not a party question, some statesmen who used to be at odds with one another about everything now find themselves side by side in advocating or opposing arbitration. In like manner some classes which have not "pulled together" in the past are in agreement about the treaty; among them are the religious and the business men; the latter want arbitration because capital, always timid and conservative, will welcome anything that may lessen the chance of trouble with America's most important customer, while the churches favor anything short of dishonor that will diminish the likelihood of war. Meanwhile, the argument that the two nations should be drawn closer together by reason of their kinship is being weakened by statisticians who are explaining that about half of the American people are of non-English foreign blood or descent, their mother countries hating England as heartily as any old-time Fourth of July orator.

It appears that the nation is at last to get its money from the Pacific railroads, and by so doing to get out of a bit of business which began with a great scandal and has ever since been a cause of much suspicion and bad feeling. Many years ago the government lent its credit, in the shape of many millions in bonds, to the companies who built the roads. To get any of the money back has been harder than to find the proverbial hens' teeth, although the roads made some great fortunes for individuals, and the failure of successive Congressional efforts to secure partial settlements have caused many stories injurious to the reputation of public men. The entire experience should be recalled in Congress whenever again the nation is asked to back a private enterprise for public service.

Some enterprising Kansans are about to do a great service to a portion of their State by making an artificial lake which shall be the storage reservoir of an irrigation system. The land upon which the water is to be turned is a natural sink with an area of about twenty square miles, and is practically worthless for any other purpose, the soil being very poor. The water is to be taken from the Arkansas River during the flood season—a season when the stream, which is without banks, makes a nuisance of itself by overflowing when and where water is not wanted. As irrigation is Western Kansans' sole means of making the soil moist enough for agricultural purposes, the storage experiment will be observed with great interest. Some men who are rich in weather wisdom declare that artificial bodies of water have been known to induce additional rainfall; it is certain that there has been an increase of rain in Lower Egypt since the completion of the Suez Canal. To reclaim the arid portion of Kansas—a portion as large as the entire State of Indiana—would be a more beneficent work than the building of a great railway or a new city.



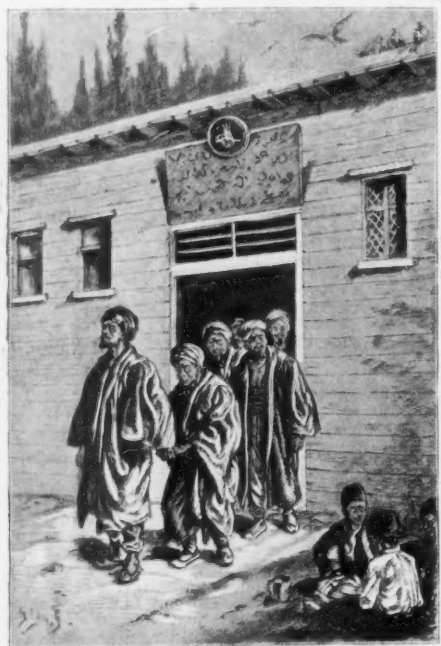
PHILIPPINE ABORIGINES



VIEW OF THE RIVER PASIG, MANILA



MR. HIRAM S. MAXIM



AT THE DOOR OF THE LEPER HOSPITAL SCUTARI. THE IRAN LEADING A BLIND LEPER



GATE LEADING WITHIN THE WALLS MANILA



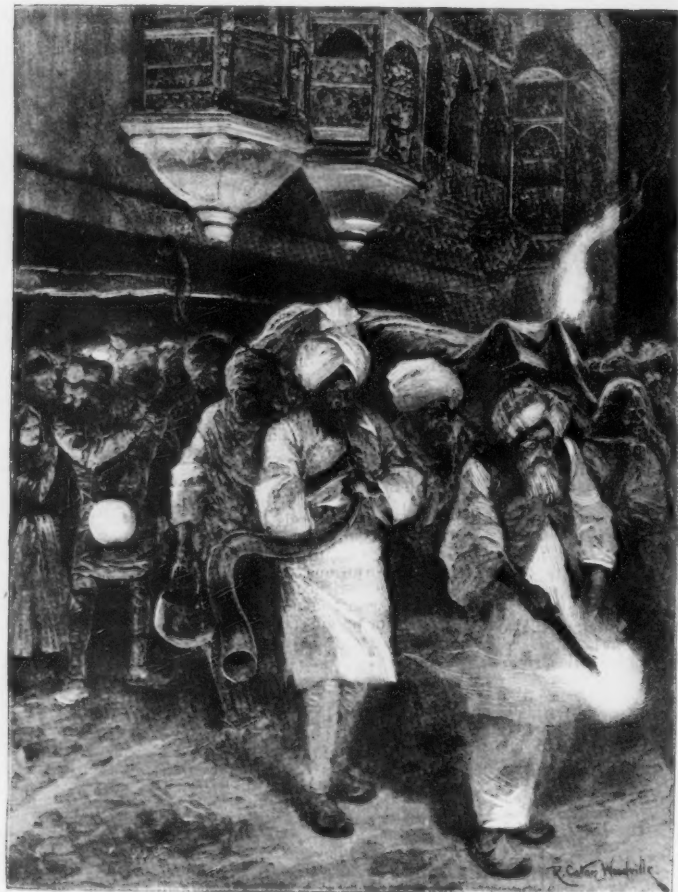
THE NEW MAXIM GUN



TYPES OF NATIVE SOLDIERY MANILA



VILLAGE OF SAN JUMENTO PHILIPPINE IS.



THE PLACE IN BOMBAY. A FUNERAL AT NIGHT. ILLUSTRATION LONDON NEWS



IN FAMINE STRICKEN INDIA



CYCLES ADAPTED FOR RIDING ON THE ICE. A MACHINE MADE IN GERMANY





ICE KING



WINDWARD



SNOW DRIFT



BOAT HOUSE ORANGE LAKE ICE CLUB



ICE QUEEN



COLD WAVE



BY EDGAR SALTUS.

Mrs. Bradley Martin's fancy ball, which occurs at the Waldorf next week, will, thereafter, constitute a date from which the guests will saunter clothed in pages of history. It may have successors, but, in this country at least, it will be without a precedent. The fancy ball given at the Brugiere residence on Bowling Green, in the tolerably remote epoch of 1823, was, according to the chronicles of the day, a simple and unornate affair. The one given two decenniums later by the Brevoorts, in Great Jones Street, while entirely enjoyable, was almost equally simple. Supper, which was announced by the March from "Norma," took place in the basement. It consisted of fried oysters, chicken salad, ice-cream and claret punch. In each instance the participants appeared in costumes of their own selection. Fourteen years ago those that were bidden to the Vanderbilt Fancy Dress went as they pleased; with two exceptions, however, one the Duc de Morny, who wanted to go as a ballet girl, and who, at the last moment, was persuaded to appear in the less fantastic guise of the Marquis of Carrabas, and Sam Fales, who wanted to shine in an attire of his own imagining, but was urged by the late Mr. Travers to go as he was, being fancy enough already. The ball for which Mrs. Bradley Martin has issued invitations will differ from these functions in several respects. In the first place it is to be given, not at a private house, but at a hotel. In the second place guests are enjoined from appearing in costumes mythological, mediæval, monastic, and, even, modern. In addition the arrangements and setting of the ball itself are to be on a scale quasi-imperial. And finally it has been attacked from the pulpit. In Puritan days any form of entertainment was held to be wicked, and dancing was, and in some sections of the country still is, regarded as a sin. Dr. Rainsford, from whom the attack comes, does not meddle with ethics. That which disturbs him is a social issue which he thinks involved. He sees want on every side, and declares that ostentatious display will induce, among the poor, a feeling of discontent. In theory this is quite right. In practice it is rubbish. The bill for this entertainment may exceed fifty thousand dollars. Directly and indirectly it will put in circulation nearly a quarter of a million of money. The rich will be that much poorer and the poor that much richer. Mr. Rainsford does not think so. He contends that the money thus put into circulation will subside only into pockets already well filled—into those of caterers, florists and modistes. But no one is ever as stupid as a wise man. Behind every modiste there is a standing army of weavers, cloth finishers, dye-workers and shop-girls. Behind every florist there are acres of gardens and regiments of gardeners. Behind the caterer there are squads of scullions, waiters, cooks; there are detachments of butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers, behind him, too. Behind them is the farmer, the fisher, the laborer, the grower of fruit, the breeder of poultry, the purveyor of game. To the rear are the families and dependents of all of these. And all of these Mrs. Martin's ball will benefit. It is not then the fact that this lady is to entertain her friends that should disturb Dr. Rainsford, it is the fact that there are not more like her. But the point is elsewhere. Were the ideas that he professes observed, the feeling of discontent which he signals among the poor would be succeeded by the presence of destitution. There is nothing to compel the rich to spend their money, but, if they ceased to, I defy a lightning calculator to estimate the amount of misery which would ensue. It is not the prodigal that injures the poor, it is the miser. A man endows a hospital, a woman gives a ball. The endowment may be simple and the ball complex, but the value of each is apparent. In inviting those on her visiting list to dance and sup in fancy dress, Mrs. Martin displays no ostentation that I can detect. On the contrary, it seems to me that she is not merely continuing that hospitality which has always been one of her charming characteristics, but that she is also becoming a public benefactor. Wealth, such as hers, has been, and, presumably, always will be, a subject of envy. And the ball which she is to give necessarily lacks the approval of ladies and gentlemen who would like to go and have not been asked. Can it be that Dr. Rainsford is one of the latter? Even so he should remember that fancy balls have the countenance of religion. The Greeks kept one in permanence on Olympus.

For the benefit of those whom the hyperboreal attracts it is a pleasure and a duty to signal the fact that there exists a polar literature beside which Ibsen and Tolstoi are sultry and semi-tropic. Finland has recently produced two novelists for whom the Norse, Slavic and Teuton press have nothing but praise. The name of one is Runchberg, that of the other is Päivärinta. Years hence you will read about them in the "Century." Meanwhile it is not amiss to note that it is a long time since we heard from Finland. The last occasion was the discovery of the Kalevala, a poem which delighted students far and near, and which, in style and treatment, suggests both the Mahabharata and the Iliad. The Kalevala is a world of verse through which creatures roam of which the type is lost, an abyss in which you may contemplate the struggle of light and darkness, an epic flashing with the glitter of magic, the shimmer of stars that have vanished, the phantasmagoria of an age that is gone. The heroes, grander than those of Homer, declaim with the majesty of the Orient. They are superb, sometimes sullen, always sincere. They tell you of days prehistoric, of nights remoter than myth. They tell it all very well, and the telling, heretofore, has constituted the library of the literature of the land. It is time that the Finns added something new to their bookshelves. They must be as pleased with Runchberg and Päivärinta as we shall be when, at last, the Great American Novelist appears.

The Rev. Merle St. Croix Wright, pastor of the Lenox Unitarian Church, this city, preached, a fortnight ago,

a sermon in justification of suicide. Since then a dozen persons in New York alone have put his ideas into practice. In extenuation it has been alleged that people can't be talked to death. That is a fallacy. Three centuries before the present era, Hegesias, a Greek theologian, told the Alexandrines that life was pleasing only to the fool, that the wise welcomed death in preference. At once there was an epidemic of suicide. To arrest the contagion Ptolemy was obliged to shut Hegesias up. Subsequently Seneca caught the malaria. "Death is nature's most admirable invention," he noted; a remark which Pliny paraphrased into the statement that nature's most pleasing invention is brevity of life. Thereafter every Roman of position kept by him a slave who should kill him when his hour had come. Christianity, in providing new conceptions, not alone of life but of death, throttled the doctrine. It lapsed there and then until Maupertius found it and preached it anew, to such effect even that he nearly converted Frederick the Great. Theoretically suicide has been shown to be little more than assassination driven in. Out of ten people who kill themselves nine do so because others won't. Witness Boulanger. Lexicographically suicides are optimists. They really want to live. What they don't want are the trials, rivalries and inconveniences attendant on their own particular ego. Abolish them and they will swear by Methuselah. There are so many of that complexion nowadays that it is a pity there is no Ptolemy to shut the Rev. Merle up. As a cleric it is the latter's duty to preach, not voluntary death, but life everlasting, and it is to that he should confine himself.

Some time ago a clerk of the French Government was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor as a reward for twenty-seven years of service. His name is Hüysman, and he is the foremost literary artist in Europe. You may not have heard of him. But there are many artists that surprised the world when they were dead. There is something too lofty in genius for us to be able to discern it at once. The genius of Hüysman is recognized in Germany, in Italy, too, but it is rare to see his name in an American paper. He is a novelist—that is if you can call a man a novelist who spends a week or two over a sentence; and were it possible to sum him up in a phrase I should say that he is the one writer of all others who has never produced a commonplace line. To this he joins the rare gift of adjective. He has the ability which Hugo possessed of planting them here and there in a paragraph and leaving them to explode like bombs before your eyes. There are a thousand ways of saying any given thing. There is only one that is exact. Hüysman always finds it. It is in that his charm resides. A few years ago he produced, in the guise of fiction, a study of Satanism and the occult. He called it "Below." Subsequently he published, equally in the guise of fiction, an investigation of mysticism which he called "On the Way." The sequel to both is shortly to appear; it is a disquisition on theology in its purest form, and he has named it "The Cathedral." To the scholar, to the lover of impeccable prose, to the amateur of luminous suggestions, it will be the literary event of the year.

The bicycle exhibition which is to occur in this city next month promises to be full of allurements. To begin with there will be on view a road machine weighing eleven pounds. It comes from Denmark. The frame is constructed on the cantilever principle and consists of twenty-one triangles. It is rumored to be well-mannered as a park hack and fleet as a broncho. Then there is to be a clover-leaf crank bike operating chainlessly with two connecting rods. It is said to be kind and gentle, a good roadster, but not suitable for cross country work. There are to be novelties, too, in tires, one in particular, which is provided with a device against slipping, ought to take, especially in a place like New York, where, when you do slip, you never know until you are up again whether you have not got a hoof on your hand or another bicyclist on top of you. Like lanterns at night its adoption should be enforced. But the feature of the exhibition is to be a bike with a bantam wheel in front, which is reported to be capable of surprising endurance and warranted not to bolt.

Mr. Herbert Spencer stated a long time ago that we had the forms of liberty and very little of its substance. From various signs and indications it looks as though we might presently lack even the forms. An amendment to section 2,602 of the Consolidation Act, which has either been sent or is on its way to Albany, provides that any theatrical license may be revoked by the mayor "in his discretion." The abuse to which that amendment, if adopted, would lead might be tolerated in Russia, but in no other civilized land of which geographers have cognizance. It is a step toward a dictatorship of which we have no need. If successful, it would open the way to autocratic measures which could be directed as well against public as private rights. We have legislation enough. The country is overburdened with it. Our lawmakers should confine themselves to correcting abuses. It is idle to create more. We have enough and to spare, and we have no one to thank but ourselves. It may be trite, but it is timely, to repeat that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

The recent appearance of a motor-car on Fifth Avenue startled even the stages. There was a surprise on the part of pedestrians such as the advent of the high hat must have caused. The thing emerged out of space, rolled leisurely along, and vanished. Meanwhile horses shied and women screamed. Presently it will attract about as much attention as the bicycle does now. In a few years it will be obsolescent as the velocipede. Locomotion will have found a fresher device. Such is the history of progress. In its own way, slowly but ceaselessly, it refutes the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun.

#### PLENTY OF FRESH AIR.

Mr. Frank Raynes, who has just died at a ripe old age, lived in the first house on the Great North road after passing into Yorkshire from Nottinghamshire, and he aptly gave his address as "No. 1, Yorkshire." Mr. Raynes's recipe for a vigorous old age was plenty of fresh air and slow eating.—*London Echo*.

## THE SURPRISES OF SCIENCE.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

ON a slope of the Pyrenees, in a cave at Mas-d'Azil, there has been excavated a layer of pebbles painted in various designs, numeric, symbolic and alphabetical, with peroxide of iron. They were found above a deposit in which there were bones of the auroch, beneath another in which polished stone axes occurred, and the consensus of scientific opinion is that they belong to that period which is not alone prehistoric but pre-fabulous, and which we have agreed to denominate as the Quaternary era. These pebbles, which are mainly round or oblong, are in some cases wholly colored, in others they are marked with devices, and again there will be a margin so painted as to form a border to the decoration. A portion of them represent lines, while a large number are marked with oval spots, which are regarded as units of groups of figures. But there are others still more significant; for instance, there are disks surrounded by circles, which, during all time, have



FIG. 1.

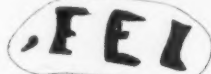


FIG. 2.

been considered symbolic of the sun or of a sun deity, and the question suggests itself whether they may not be signs employed in a hieratic writing. Again, crosses, especially the equilateral cross, are frequent; serpentine designs also occur, but the most startling are those which indicate conventionalized phonetic characters. Most of these are isolated markings, but one of them, as in Fig. 1, given above, curiously resembles both the Greek  $\Pi$  and the Cypriot  $\rho$ . In several instances two or more characters are associated together as in Fig. 2, and the assumption is clear that these are not meaningless marks and aimless decorations made by a primitive people to while away their idle hours, but that they are the syllabic signs of the troglodytes and record a hitherto unsuspected phase of Neolithic culture.

Those who wish to enjoy the spectacle of skeletons walking about, endowed with the power of locomotion, may do so in the laboratory of the University of Michigan. Recently, during a series of experiments there, the room was darkened, and, with an electrical apparatus, induction coil and storage battery for accessories, the spectators were invited to look through an oblong box at a black pasteboard beyond. The battery was then turned on, a new Crookes' tube of great power being put in the circuit, whereat darkness disappeared and the black pasteboard became similar in appearance to a pane of ground glass. The operator then thrust his hand before the tube, which meanwhile had grown brilliant with the green phosphorescence of the X-rays, and every bone, dimly surrounded by its envelope of flesh, became distinctly visible on the pasteboard. The wrist followed, then the arm, then the body. The operator was seen turning and moving in that curious light. His clothing was as transparent as his flesh. Every bone of his body was visible, his heart was visible, misty, indeed, in outline, but there it was, moving regularly, pulsating before the spectators' eyes.

In connection with the doctrine of suicide, discussed in another column of the present issue of the WEEKLY, it is of interest to note that Dr. Müller, a German scientist, has recently prepared a historical sketch of the etiology of self-murder in which he statistically traces to alcohol the primary cause of its marked increase. Dr. Müller shows that in Europe the evil is increasing at a greater rate than the population, and puts the number of suicides at fifty thousand a year. The favorite month appears to be June. The one in which the fewest occur is in December. Early morning is chosen in preference to night, the mechanic class furnishing the largest number of cases and the peasant the least. Dr. Müller considers brandy the most pernicious form of alcohol, and traces to its influence the blunting of those faculties which, in the struggle for life, are the most necessary to sustain the conflict.

For the Indian plague, which presents all the clinical aspects of that which occurred during the Middle Ages, a remedy in the form of serum has been discovered by Dr. Yersin, a young physician of Swiss extraction. If the Hindu physicians have been less alert it is because they believe that the science of medicine, like all other sciences, has been revealed to them. Their bible of medicine is the "Ayur Veda," the authorship of which is attributed to Brahma. Subsequently amplified by commentators, it became a code of knowledge into which imagination largely entered, and which was necessarily specious and unsound. Possessing as it did, however, the character and sanction of a revelation, it was regarded as a fixed guide, and has for ages remained authoritative and unchanged. According to it there are three principles or essences of spirits, which, acting upon and through the constituent parts of the body, give rise to the manifold physiological manifestations of the organism. Disease was held to arise from excess, defect or disorder of one or more of these principles, and the duty of the physician was to detect which principle or principles were at fault and select the remedy calculated to restrain, stimulate or correct the aberrant essence. A doctrine of temperaments was constructed on the same basis. Associated with the hypothetical principles, supernatural agencies were postulated, faults committed in a former state of existence, together with the operations of demons, were included among the causes of disease. It is not surprising therefore that rites, ceremonies, amulets, omens and charms were largely prescribed. Nor is it surprising either to learn that Dr. Yersin's serum has been found much more efficacious.

Per contra it is proper to state that strong claims have been made in favor of the excellence of Hindu pathology. It has been long held that the knowledge of medicine, which the Greeks, Arabians and Egyptians shared, was taken from India. Recently it has been as-



serted that the Hindu sages anticipated Jenner and Pasteur in the matter of protective inoculation, Morton and Simpson in anesthesia, Lennec in auscultation, Piorry in percussion, Lister in antiseptics, and that the discovery of Harvey was presaged, if not preceded, by local theories regarding the circulation of the blood.

All this, doubtless, is entirely true. The high-caste Hindus are not only wonderful people now, they have been wonderful since history began. In the circumstances it seems regrettable that they should not have preceded Dr. Yersin in the discovery of that serum.

## BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THREE new plays and a revival of "Cymbeline" constituted last week's menu. The first, "Straight from the Heart," which was given at the Academy, is a London melodrama in which the principal characters, during a flight from Paris to Algiers, exhibit an amount of villainy and virtue that I can only qualify as prodigious. By the gallery it was received with open arms, by the stalls with entire calm.

The second play, "Sweet Inniscarra," produced at the Fourteenth Street Theater, provided a real novelty in the shape of a Hibernian millionaire. At the moment when he is about to marry the girl of his choice he is carried off by a press gang. In the end everything, of course, turns out as it should, but meanwhile there were sung a number of ballads which reconciled me completely to "Brian Boru" and the somnolent evening I passed with "Shamus O'Brien."

The third play, "The First Gentleman of Europe," offered by Mrs. Burnett at the Lyceum, is one of those efforts which merits neither praise nor blame. The lines are amateur, and in the acting, which was in keeping, was relieved only by the grace and beauty of Miss Manning.

"Cymbeline" was the one real dramatic feature of the week, and it was produced by Miss Mather at Wallack's in a manner at once effective, sumptuous and correct.

"The First Gentleman of Europe" is, I understand, to be succeeded by "A Tragic Idyl," the dramatization of a novel by Bourget, which is not by any means Bourget's best. It contains, as a matter of course, that delicacy of analysis which is always his, but in this instance it is applied to a set of people who are absolutely artificial. The cosmopolitans of the Riviera, whom it depicts may be an interesting study through that commingling of refinement and independence which they present, but mainly, I take it, because of that curious impression which they create of people, ultra-civilized, temporally retrograding to a state of nature. In addition, the sites in which they move—Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo—are but successions of hotels where dinner is a table d'hôte on which they put their elbows, stare in each other's faces, and find to their surprise, a little to their disgust, that they are one and all quite similar, that they have but one idea of life, and that is to make the most of it. To extract from elements such as these a tragic idyl was a difficult task. In the novel Bourget nearly succeeded. The character of Ely is almost faultless, and the Orestes and Pyraides friendship of Pierre de Hauteville and Olivier du Prat, while rare anywhere and especially on the Riviera, does so well in the story that without it there would have been no story to tell. But how it will all look on the stage is a different matter. It has just been produced at the Gymnase in Paris, and there it has fallen flat. In the circumstances the possibilities of its success here seem highly conjectural.

Meanwhile the two houses here which draw the best are the Herald Square Theater and Koster & Bial's. In the one there is Julie Bon-Bon, in the other there is Otero. The first is a young woman who represents a French dancer, the other is a Spanish dancer who represents another age. In a mention of the latter last week I neglected to speak of her appearance. It is bizarre, and, more, it is Byzantine. She looks as must have looked some young empress of long ago. She is simply beautiful, and that which heightens her beauty is the fact that it is of a type which neither antiquity nor modern times have possessed. It is mediaeval. In looking at her when she sings, or in watching her when she dances, you forget that her voice is rough and her action graceless, it is a face that has gone from the world which you see, and, seeing, you forgive.

## DANGER IN ROENTGEN RAYS.

A warning has been voiced by one of the leading English medical journals in regard to the too frequent use of the Roentgen ray apparatus.

It is interesting, no doubt, to obtain a series of photographs of one's own skeleton, but if this is to be at the expense of such trifles as one's hair and one's finger nails, it seems hardly worth the cost. One electrical engineer, who has often demonstrated the beauty of his own finger bones by placing one of his hands within the radius of the searching rays, has lost all the nails from the fingers of that hand, while Mr. Sidney Rowland, who is one of the leading experimenters in this direction, mentions several cases of similar character in the structural changes that occur in the hair, and so forth, of those who have been frequently shadowgraphed by this method. Thus, in the case of patients whose heads have been subjected to the influence of the rays, the hair has either turned white or has fallen out entirely. It is suggested that these results are due to the electrical potency of what are called the ultra violet rays of the spectrum, though their precise action is at present by no means thoroughly understood.

One curious suggestion has already been made. It is a well-known superstition, and one which has existed for generations, that people who sleep in the direct rays of the moon have their reason more or less seriously affected. Now, it is said that these ultra violet rays exist in the moonlight, and hence a popular superstition may be founded upon scientific fact.

As the New Woman glories in her mind, the New Man evidently will have to glory in the fact that he doesn't mind.

## DENEb.

BY CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

IBRAHIM BEN MARKHAZ was not fair to look upon. His mud-colored visage was deeply pitted with smallpox. His nose, flat enough by nature, had been spread all over the space between his cheek-bones by a tremendous blow—well deserved, I have no doubt—which had also affected the right eye, giving it a fixed, stony stare. The left eye was small, sparkling and restless. Hence, according as he presented one profile or the other, he was either a malevolent, blood-thirsty ruffian, or a cunning, treacherous, cowardly rascal. As the event proved, nature and accident had conspired to betray his character; for Ibrahim ben Markhaz was an equal mixture of ruffian and rascal, cutthroat and coward.

But Ibrahim had been recommended to me, by the American Consul at Tunis, as an intelligent and reliable person, well acquainted with the country, and just the man for my purpose. Either the consul had never met Ibrahim in the flesh, or he was remarkably deficient in knowledge of human nature—Arab human nature, at least.

When I arrived at the hamlet of Byrsa, however, I found that I had no choice and must employ Ibrahim or nobody. In the first place he was the only person in the village who spoke English—such as it was; then he was headman or supreme authority over the collection of beggary, vermin-infested clay hovels, and as such arrogated to himself the sole right to make prey of any misguided adventurers who might happen that way.

I struck a bargain with him at the rate of three piastres a week for himself and two piastres each for his three assistants, about twice as much as he had any expectation of obtaining. Whereupon he set me down as a person of weak intellect out of whose paucity of wits and plethora of purse he counted upon turning an honest penny before he had done with me.

The tombs which I proposed to visit were situated in a range of low, rocky hills some forty miles across the sands. A mule was provided for my accommodation, Ibrahim and his three vagabonds making the journey on foot.

As we set out, to my surprise our party was augmented by an individual whose services I had not contracted for, in the shape of a large, black monkey. The creature marched with us sedately, now on two legs, again on all fours, with a bag containing a part of our luggage strapped upon his back.

"That Deneb," said Ibrahim, in reply to my look of wonder, "my monkey. Eat little, talk nothing, carry most much as man."

"Poor brute," I responded. "You have given him too heavy a load."

The animal seemed to comprehend my sympathy, for, glancing askance at his master, he drew a little nearer to my mule, whimpering plaintively. The creature's evident desire to put himself under my protection appeared to infuriate the Arab, for with a growl he dealt him a cruel kick in the side. It was an act of sheer, wanton brutality, the impulse of a cowardly, barbarous nature which takes pleasure in the infliction of suffering upon something weak and defenseless.

The monkey threw himself prostrate in the dust, and abjectly stretched out his paws toward his master, dumbly appealing for mercy.

"Why did you do that?" I asked, indignantly. "The animal had done no harm."

"Good for him," replied Ibrahim, coolly. "No work if no kick him."

He lifted his foot to repeat the kick, when, angered by his cruelty and insolence, I brought down my whip sharply across his shoulders.

"You rascal!" I exclaimed, "taste your own medicine."

Ibrahim uttered a howl and sprang back, showing his teeth like a savage dog. His hand went to the yataghan in his curved sheath stuck through his girdle, and for a moment I thought he was going to spring at me. But my steady look cowed him, and he fell back muttering under his breath. I knew at once that I had done an unwise thing, for I was absolutely in the power of this man and his followers. But I could not regret it. However, I endeavored to compromise matters.

"Here," I said, throwing a couple of piastres to Ibrahim, "I will hire Deneb for the rest of the trip. Take that load off him and treat him well, and I will give you two more piastres when we get back to Byrsa."

The Arab was instantly placated. He showed all his yellow teeth in a grin, removed the sack from the monkey's back and placed it upon the shoulders of one of the men, who did not seem pleased with the transfer. Thereafter Deneb ambled close beside me, and, when we camped for the night, received a liberal share of my provision of millet-bread and dates, and curled himself up to sleep at my feet.

At two o'clock on the following afternoon we reached the tombs I intended to explore. They consisted of a range of cavern-like cells, roughly excavated in the hard rock, which had long ago been broken into and plundered by the wandering tribes of the desert. With the exception of a few half-effaced inscriptions on the walls and broken shards of pottery scattered about, there appeared to be nothing to reward me for my long and fatiguing journey.

Digging among the rubbish in one of the cells, however, I came upon the mouth of a shaft or well descending an unknown depth into the bowels of the rock. The excavation was of irregular shape, and the walls roughly hewn, as if the stone had been split off in seams, leaving narrow ledges and projections along the sides.

I announced my intention of exploring this shaft; but first I directed Ibrahim to throw into the pit a mass of lighted "fat-wood" bushes, which grow in great quantities in the neighborhood and which burn as if soaked in turpentine. As we could see them flaming brightly at the bottom of the shaft, fifty feet below, I was satisfied that there was no foul air to be apprehended, and made my preparations to descend.

The ledges and projections I have spoken of afforded no support to human hand or foot, but fortunately we were provided with a stout rope. This was firmly secured around a mass of rock and the end dropped into the well. Ibrahim volunteered to go first, and when his

voice assured us that he had reached the bottom, I descended in turn. It was an arduous task, but I accomplished it in safety.

Ibrahim had lighted a couple of candles which we had brought with us, and by their faint glimmer we saw that we were in a sort of cave some twenty feet square, hollowed out of the rock. Its contents were two large stone coffins and a number of glazed pottery vessels. With infinite difficulty we succeeded in lifting the cover off one of the coffins. As the flare of our candles struck upon the interior Ibrahim and I uttered a simultaneous cry of exultation, but from very different causes.

My delight was due to the fact that the inside of the lid was covered with paintings and inscriptions as fresh in color and outline as the day it had been closed down thirty centuries ago. Moreover, packed about the mummy which lay within were no less than six rolls of papyrus in good condition. It was a perfect mine of wealth for an archaeologist.

Ibrahim's excitement was caused by the sparkle of jewels which literally incrustated a sort of heavy gold shield that lay upon the breast of the mummy, which must have been that of a person of high rank in his day. The Arab made a plunge at the shield and would have torn my papyri to tatters in his frenzy if I had not thrust him back.

As I knelt down to examine my discovery, I heard Ibrahim stamping about and cursing under his breath. But I gave no heed to him until my candle began to burn low. Then he eagerly proposed to mount to the surface and procure more candles and also a bag in which to place our treasures. I assented with a nod, and he scrambled up the rope like a cat.

I continued to pore over the papyri until my candle flickered and went out. Then it occurred to me that Ibrahim had been gone ten minutes, far longer than necessary. I waited patiently another ten minutes, then I began to grow angry at his delay. I shouted again and again, but received no answer from above. A vague terror stole upon my mind. I groped to where the end of the rope had trailed upon the floor.

It was gone! With the vague alarm growing to a definite and awful thought, I struck one of the matches which I had about me and ignited some of the still unconsumed fat-wood bush which I had felt under my feet. The brilliant light illuminated the vault and the jagged sides of the shaft. Yes, the rope had been hauled up. I fancied I could make out the end of it dangling thirty feet above.

I understood it now. That ruffian Ibrahim's cupidity had been excited by the gold and jewels in the coffin, and, in collusion with his companions, he had resolved to obtain them. Wanting the courage to murder me outright, he had left me in the pit to perish of starvation, after which he would descend and seize upon his booty.

The idea was so horrible that, as the burning bush went out, I sank down upon the floor, and, covering my face with my hands, sobbed like a woman. Arousing myself again, I strove desperately to climb up the wall. Twenty times I tried, once even reaching a point twice my own height, but always falling back. At last, bruised, torn and bleeding, I gave it up in despair.

How long I lay there in the grim blackness, with only the dead of the ancient world for companionship, I do not know. I was aroused from my stupor by a scrambling sound and the fall of small stones and earth from the shaft.

"Ibrahim! Ibrahim!" I cried. "Thank Heaven, you have come at last!"

No human voice answered me, but a hairy muzzle was pressed into my hand with a faint whimpering which I recognized. It was poor Deneb, the monkey. Great as the disappointment was, in my abject horror and loneliness I welcomed the creature gladly and endeavored to get him to lie down beside me. But he kept running backward and forward, climbing part way up the wall and dropping down again, as if to persuade me to follow him.

"Ah, Deneb," I said sadly, "if I had your limbs I could escape; but as it is, old fellow, I must die here, in this hole, of starvation and thirst. Go, save yourself, Deneb; there is no hope for me."

As if the animal had understood my words, he suddenly left me, and I could hear him scrambling up the shaft. With a sigh I sank down again and rested my head upon my knees. Even the brute whom I had befriended had abandoned me.

The fall of some soft substance upon the floor beside me brought me to my feet again. Something dragged roughly against my cheek. I put out my hand and uttered a wild cry of joy and gratitude, for my fingers closed upon the rope! In another instant Deneb slid down and stood before me chattering volubly.

I did not pause to reflect or consider, but seized the cord, and, aiding myself by digging my toes into the projections of the wall, mounted to the surface, followed by the monkey.

I threw myself down to rest for a moment, then arose and looked around me. There was no one in the cave, but I heard the voices of the Arabs outside. Stepping softly to the opening I saw Ibrahim and his three companions seated around a fire upon which was cooking a liberal portion of our provisions, while my baggage, broken open and rifled, lay scattered about.

I drew my revolver, which I had fortunately retained in my pocket, and marched into their midst. There was a chorus of howls, groveling in the sand, frantic pleadings, which I promptly cut short by ordering my baggage repacked and my mule brought. I fancy Ibrahim and his villains never made a quicker march of forty miles than they did on that occasion.

Deneb rode on the mule with me. The grateful animal, through that imitative faculty common to his species, had thrown down the rope which the rascals had left fastened for use when I should be dead, and whose purpose he had noted.

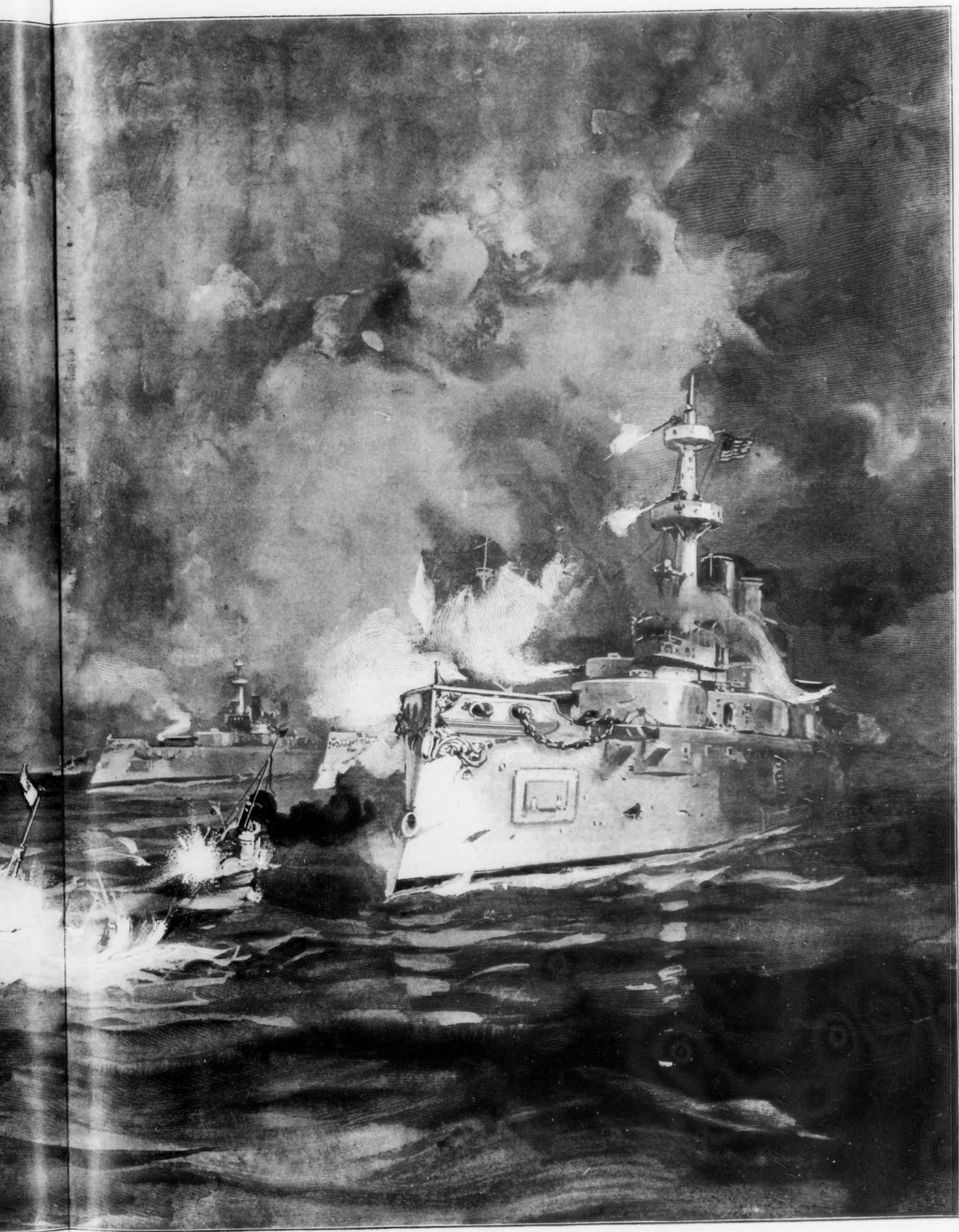
Deneb is a valued member of my American household. I did not go back to secure my papyri, but I did give Ibrahim a tremendous beating before I parted with him.

THE worst kind of a hurt is the one that seems such a little thing when you try to explain it.—N. Y. Press.



"SPREAD A DEATH SHADE ROUND THE SHIPS, LIKE TH





IPS, LIKE THE HURRICANE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN."—THOMAS CAMPBELL.



## HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE.

XXIII.

### A GREAT INVENTION.

Is the new edition of the "Young Men and Maidens' Almanac" for 1897, we read, straggling down the margin of the pretty page, with its Cupids and Roses and butterfly Psyches, the prediction, "About this time, look out for Dances." Indeed, the difficult thing is, to look away from them, or at any place in which they are not. The prediction is no new one, and cost the editor no figuring. If you look closely, you will see that the type is worn in some places; they will have to insert a new plate there before long. They will insert many before the truth which it announces gets worn out too.

The Dance looms large in the young people's eyes and imaginations, but they do not approach it with any manifestation of the reverence which its vast antiquity and significance might be expected to impose. They simply dance. They are in it, and it is in them; or, if you prefer the metaphysical phrasing, the subjective and objective are at one with them, and their mood is not historical but creative. For them, nothing is lacking to enhance its charm; its music is in their ears, its rhythm in their pulses, and they are hand in hand, and, to be accurate, something more than that. At any rate, they are where and how it is good for them to be. This is one of the things we are made for, when we are young; when we are young, and the band strikes up, and the lights glow, and the flowers smell sweet, and the floor is smooth, and her eyes are maidenly delight, and his manly worship, and he can steer and hold well, and her frock is right in fit and color—in an hour like that, we seem to have been meant for that alone.

The ancient dance has never been expressed in poetry. The mediæval was pictured forever in that matchless phrase of Milton's—"Trip it, as you go, on the light, fantastic toe!" The modern still makes a good shift with Byron, who, considering that he never danced, deserves all the more credit for that whole-souled inspiration of rhetoric—"No rest till morn, when youth and pleasure meet to chase the glowing hours with flying feet!" Both of these achievements of genius fly straight to their mark in our hearts (or wherever it is that such things go—it is a warm, interior place, anyhow), and we are content with them. But we all remember that supreme occasion—that night of nights, when we met amid perfect surroundings the perfect partner, and with him (her) danced to perfect music the perfect dance. That never happened but once in this mortal life to man or woman. Compared with that, what are the verses of poets? What is literature? Something very thin and cold; at best a Venetian goblet of rare workmanship, into which we pour the divine wine of our experience, when we have it, and are more than pleased when the vessel does not appear shabby against its contents.

No doubt the same emotion, the same exaltation, the loverly because it is so innocently sensuous, has throbbled and thrilled through the young dancers ever since the invention was first launched. The invention! It was the one thing natural; all the rest was invented. The young heart beats, the breath comes and goes in time, the happy nerves discharge rhythmical salvos of electricity, the legs cannot but lift and shift, the arms rise in balance, the head tilts to right, to left; the body is astir, sliding from pose to pose; this is mere spontaneous jollity physically portrayed. The voice catches up the movement and trolls it forth in lusty measure; now the bystanders stand no longer, but have caught the contagion; and the company being of both sexes, anon the polar forces of humanity are engaged, and immediately each motion is clearer defined and chastened; what began as haphazard jiggling is developing into drama, aided by sparkling glances and glowing cheeks; nods and becks and wreathed smiles (observes Milton again, who, for a man who wrote that Epic, seems to have been sympathetically disposed toward this sort of thing); and the youth with the thorn in his foot throws himself on the bank, and begins to pipe for the rest on that oaten reed that he carries in his tunic. Yes, this is the first drama, and the last and only one; youth and maid, love and life, music and motion. This group, upon whom we have looked for a moment through the veil of—how many myriad ages?—is the first that ever happened to come together with that result. They had no other thought than to keep at this delightful occupation forever, uninterruptedly; but body ever disappoints spirit. Breath and spring failed at last; the piper had split his pipe; the earth turned over and got its hump-back in the way of the sun; stop they needs must, for the time. But the fame of the achievement got abroad, and the Paradisaical Selectmen presently sat upon it, and reduced the wild and beautiful thing to rule and compass. Religion got one share, ceremony another; no provision was made for love, who nevertheless got it all. O Asia, Egypt, Greece and Italy, what dances have we held in your groves and temples! The soul of seductive Paganism was there; and then did not we see the Daughters of Jerusalem dancing at the nuptials of the Shulamite and the great King? The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob smiled upon the dance, no less than did Osiris, Varuna, Jupiter, and all the rest of the imaginative garments which the unchosen peoples saw him by. And the Lord of Christendom also; in those days when the knights were divided between love and Crusading, down there in that ardent corner of southern France, with the Mediterranean murmuring and blue-sparkling at the end of the valley, what sight and sound are these of "Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth"? That is a line out of perhaps the most delicious complete stanza in all poetry; and it was reason enough for the Trouvères existence (who, otherwise, began and ended with a more or less pleasing and profitless jingle) that opportunity was thus afforded to Keats to conceive the

eternal beauty of those ten or a dozen lines. The light, fantastic toe was there; but Keats had his own gorgeous temperament between him and all that he saw. The fantastic toe, by the way, has bidden a long farewell to the circles of civilized society. It lingers with the low comedian on the stage, that is all. We slide, we skate, we chase ourselves (to make, for once, legitimate application of the slang of the street) over the mirroring floors of a fashionable dancing-room; the toe never has a chance. Neither was it much in evidence in those sinuous and ophidian Asiatic eras, when women danced with all of them that lay between their brows and toes, as a flame wavers before the breath, but keeps its hold upon the wick. The toe arose, in all meanings of the word, about nine hundred years ago, and uttered mystic messages not otherwise communicable. It moved, magnetic, through the arc of an enchanted circumference, upon the supple radius of the leg. It was not a slipping and sliding age. Dance was still done outdoors, on the close-cropped greensward; you must produce your effects vertically rather than horizontally. The sun shone—or the moon might do as well; the breeze was wafted about over moist brows and fervent bosoms; the birds sang—lark, thrush or nightingale, as the hour might be; the music was not a band at so much an hour but a live thing, bubbling over with delicious madness, departing and returning, storming and wooing, as it would; there were no engagement-cards or white kid gloves, but palm-kissed palm, and in the eyes were invitation and promise. Our system of so-called round dancing is preposterous; instead of the light, chance, momentary touch of arm round waist, of breast to breast and shoulder to shoulder, we now clump ourselves rigidly in a fixed and prescribed posture, and revolve ourselves like dying tops. It was like the stolid barbarism of the contemporary dancing-master to suppose that because a fleeting, heaven-sent embrace is electric, a cut-and-dried, ten-minutes-at-a-stretch one would be a perfect tornado. As a matter of fact, the posture is there, but the embrace is so utterly out of it that we contemplate the hugging of our wives and daughters, and hug other people's, without either pang or thrill, provided only it be done to sound of fiddle and on waxed boards. It is an æsthetic outrage; but the old ladies in and out of breeches who mumble of the immorality of the dance would change their tune to a song of advocacy, if they knew the abysmal difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

But in spite of all handicaps and drawback, our young people, as I said before, experience much the same sort of harmonious joy that was felt thousands and hundreds of years ago. Speak of a Ball in their hearing, and see how their ears prick up. It is of old Greek derivation, though the Greeks never "threw" themselves in such fashion as ours. But the magic spell is worked, in face of disadvantages; the senses are wizards, and imagination is the jinn of youth, more potent than those of old Arabia. It would seem impossible to move gracefully under the conditions imposed; for grace implies freedom; but the thing can be done, and is done, in a few instances during each season. But the general looker-on finds a thousand marks for ridicule where he concedes one to admire. True dancing—the poetry of motion—is graceful without music; it is a sort of music in itself. But one must listen very hard to the band in modern ballrooms if he would keep a straight face for the couples on the floor. It is flat murder and burglary. The dancers themselves however get on much better. They can feel the inspiration, even though circumstances personal or contingent obstruct their manifestation thereof. There are three kinds of partners; first, the bad one, who not only cannot himself dance, but prevents you from doing so; second, the good partner, who keeps out of your way and lets you dance as you please, and may even guide you from collisions; and third, the perfect partner, concerning whom any remarks would be impertinent. The above commentary applies indifferently, of course, to both sexes. But a man can sometimes manage a knock-kneed, scramble-jointed, rabbit-witted woman, because her legs don't show, and he can lift her round by main strength; but the woman has no such control over the male hippopotamus or fibbertigibbet. It is the sin unpardonable thus to obstruct a fellow creature; and we all know that our wives and daughters will leave the awkward saints on the left hand, and dance with the devil steaming hot from home, if he dances well, or even with (what is much worse) an arrant little cad; and we on our side will too often let stub-toed virtue go by the board, while we swing on waves of rhythmic ecstasy with a veritable mistress of the Terpsichorean art, without regard to what else she may or may not be mistress of. All things have their time and use in this world.

Why dancing should be confined to after lamp-light hours I cannot say; we are so used to it in the last two hundred years that it seems the only right way; but that is absurd. Of course this is a business age, with all which that implies; but daylight dancing could be managed just as well as baseball and football, if we cared to do it. But it will never be; we have lost the sincerity and the passion. And of late the climate in civilized latitudes has become depraved to harmonize with ourselves (Nature always does this sooner or later), and since daylight dancing should mean out-door dancing, which would be impossible, there is no hope until we reform our hearts and lives, and holy-sense our consciences. The nymphs and fauns are dead, and all depends on whether they can be re-created.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

### IS THE GOOD TRUST DANGEROUS?

WITHIN a fortnight several more trusts, large and small, have gone out of existence without any process of law; they simply overreached themselves, and the consequences were exactly such as firms or individuals acting in the same manner would have brought about. Trusts may be as wicked at heart as their most frightened enemies declare, but they have already demonstrated that it is utterly impossible for them to prevent competition except by one method, which is to undersell any and all competitors; when this is done, what is there in a trust to be afraid of?

MAN, if you are anything, walk alone, and talk to others. Do not hide yourself in the chorus.—*Epictetus*.

## RICHARD THE WOMAN-HEARTED.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

EARLY in the pliocene era, when I was in that state of uneasy surprise that follows the first excursions of pen over paper for purposes of publication—surprise at occasional critical encomiums, and still greater at the general self-possession in the face of high ambition;—at this juncture I attended a literary reception in New York, and enjoyed the strange delight of beholding in the flesh several persons who had hitherto been to me as are the figures of poesy and romance, which we hope not to behold with mortal eyes. It was with a sort of tender wonder that I realized the actual existence of these creatures of genius. I still believed that they all wrote from inspiration, and never without it; that it might come to them days in succession, or might endure a lapse of years; it was a divine thing, and its relation to financial considerations was infinitely remote. Not that I was without thoughts of a check, myself, after my MS. had been deposited in the mails; but I did not put myself, as yet, in the serious ranks of poets and novelists.—As we stood or sat in the rather small rooms, I kept observing, from time to time, a head which rose far above any other. It was not a particularly large head, considering its elevation above the floor; its expression was somewhat prim and set; it had side whiskers in the English style, and a close-clipped mustache. It looked to be about forty, but was really near ten years older than that. It was a handsome head, in spite of the lack of enthusiasm in the expression; I fancied I understood this coldness when some one said, "Why, don't you know him?—that's the critic of the 'Times,' so-and-so." He was my first critic—the first I had met in the flesh. So that was the way a critic looked, was it? Well, I hoped I should never foul the hawse of this one. I remembered a number of things I had written and thought of writing which seemed silly and fatuous in this presence. There was an aroma of fine satire and irony in his look; a tendency to size up things against a standard of common-sense. In thought, I changed the whole course of my professional career, as I studied this personage. I would be a cool, calm, rational, pungent writer, dealing with facts, interpreting mysteries by the light of a two-foot rule, arching the eyebrow at faith, smiling at ardor. No one should ever have a chance to pick flaws in my panoply; I would make myself more feared than loved.—I indulge in these personal reminiscences not by way of elucidating my own character, which they cannot do, but in order to show the impression which the striking appearance of Richard Grant White had on me, at the first impact. He made me think he was that kind of man. I was introduced to him, and he spoke a few prim words, from his eyrie near the ceiling, which did not have the effect of altering my conception of him, though they were cordial and pleasant enough in themselves. That man, thought I, is steeled forever against all human sympathies. His will is immitigable over both himself and others. He lives in Bacon's dry light, and deals in black and white only—no colors for him. Music would have no power over that soul; he was an ascetic and a woman-hater.—Thus, at that early age, did I vouch my insight into human nature.

Only those who knew the man (and I fancy there were few who did really know him) can appreciate the exquisite absurdity of my estimate. He was nothing that I imagined he was, and almost everything that was opposite to what I fancied he was. But it was a long time before I found it out. I did not again meet him in New York; the next year I went abroad not to return for a dozen years. While there I wrote a book which even I confessed to myself was rather extravagant; I knew I should get no mercy for it, except from the very few sympathetic and spiritually minded souls who do more for one's creation than he was able to do for it himself. My expectations were more than realized. My book became almost distinguished by the universal storm of ridicule and contempt which raged about it. But one day, in a letter from America, came a cutting from a newspaper of a review of my book. It was unsigned, like the others, but that was the only point of resemblance. After reading it, I thought it was worth while having written the book, in order to discover so kind and wise an appreciator. He could have written it himself, only immeasurably better. It was the most inspiring and instructive criticism I had ever had till then. From the style, it was evidently the work of a master hand. Whose could it be?

In the course of a week or two, I had a letter from Richard Grant White, saying that he thought I might like to know that he was the writer of this review. It was as if one should have told me of kindling a fire with a bucket of ice-water. This man whom I had fixed upon as the type of all that was radically opposed to my ideas, was the solitary individual in the world who understood and sympathized with them. Admitting—as I may do now—that this was not saying anything in favor of his discernment, it is not the less certain that it showed a plentiful dearth of it in me. Had I but known him when we were both on the same side of the water, what joys of the soul might have been mine.

Providence, giving, as it occasionally does, like wealthy men that reck not of their gifts, endowed me soon after with the privilege of foregathering with this singularly discovered friend; for he came to England, and lived for a month or so beneath my vine and fig-tree in Twickenham, twelve miles southwest of London. I had invited him with all earnestness, but I must confess with some misgiving too; for I was still so much under the dominion of that first New York impression, that I was a little disposed to put faith in that rather than in the revelation through the mails. I had not even yet comprehended the greatness of my perversity.

Twickenham is as much a village as it was in Pope's time—thanks to the blessed permanence of things English. My house was in the outskirts; Strawberry Hill of Horace Walpole was half a mile away; Pope's Villa, then lived in by Henry Labouchere, was hardly further off, down by the river bank. Richmond Hill and the great Park lay to the east, three miles distant; ten or eleven miles northwest stood Harrow-on-the-Hill; south by east two miles lay Hampton Court palace and gardens, and Bushey Park. The tawny Thames wound



through it all, and wide meadows spread abroad, with green lanes between them, and villages smaller even than Twickenham clustering about their church and alehouse, with the Green alongside, and a game of cricket in progress. It was, as you see, a country made to take walks in. No doubt it is a country made to go biking in now; but this was twenty years ago, or nearly.

Grant White was fifty-six years old then; I was two-and-thirty. I was not old of my age; but he was as young as I. That dry, lofty and chilly exterior disappeared. He was still six feet four inches tall, and the English whiskers and close-clipped mustache still adorned his handsome, aquiline features. He still spoke with a certain precision of the lips, as one who valued and respected words—and so indeed he did, and often proved it, for the benefit of his fellows and the confusion of his critics. His manner and aspect were English "Varsity," though he had never so much as been beyond the boundaries of his native land till then and was an American dyed in the wool. But the outward man became transparent, and the man below began to appear to me. Speaking of him since then with other acquaintances and friends of his, I discovered that my second and real knowledge of him was shared by very few. Some knew his foibles, some knew his strength, but not many knew him all round. I got to have an affection for the man similar to what one feels for a woman. His spirit was feminine. It had the feminine edge, refinement, wit, sensitiveness. His love of delicate details was feminine, and so was his aesthetic voluptuousness, which not only had its effect on his personal character, but, in conjunction with his clear and discriminating intellect, made him the great musical and literary critic that he was. With these traits, he was masculine enough in his outward presentment, and had instinctively built up a masculine fortification round himself, by dint of that very feminine tact and insight dwelling within. He was bony, well proportioned and athletic of build; his physical strength was as much above that of the ordinary man as were his inches more. I never sparred with him; but what a reach he would have had! There seemed to be no end to him. One night, I recollect, after a long bout at smoking and talking with me and some English cronies, White went to bed, bidding all good-night with his habitual courtesy. There had been a running-short of smoking-tobacco shortly before his departure, and after he had gone we fell to scraping our pockets for whatever remnants, since no fresh supply could be laid in till the next day. Then, an awesome thing happened; for the door of the study, which was on the crack, slowly and gently moved inward, yet no one appeared. But lo! upon our strained attention broke a portent; for an arm, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, came over the top of the door, bearing in its hand not Excalibur, but a package of tobacco; and then the smiling visage of Richard himself, who had remembered this baglet in his trunk, after he had got his night-dress on; he was too modest to show himself in this unconventional attire, and had therefore manifested himself from on high only—and let it be understood that his face, as well as his arm, came from above, and not round the side. The bag delivered, he vanished silently like the Snark, and was seen no more that night; we smoked a pipe to his health.

But chiefly we took long walks, and found to our mutual joy that we each took a stride of just a length, which, as walkers know, is nine-tenths of the game, so far as comfort is concerned. Through the green lanes we went for miles and miles; over the hills and downs (which are not vales) and past many a hamlet, in some of which we stopped awhile for nut-brown ale. Nothing of beauty or character escaped Richard; never have I known an eye so instant for the good and true in art and nature. He was enchanted with England; he had been waiting for it all his life, and came to it fit. It outdid his anticipation, as must always be the case when one knows enough to understand what he sees. He made me see many things to which I had been blind; his culture was inexhaustible. How many times did we loiter through the Hampton Court picture gallery! His delight was illuminating. What things he said of the Titian Venus, lying there in queenly impudence. He was a complete family in himself—a man of the world, a woman, and a child. His talk was full of felicities, wit, humor and insight. The publisher who first reprints his essays published in the extinct and lamented Galaxy will make a small fortune, and be a public benefactor. "Nebulae," he called some of them; but there were others not under that title. The "Galaxy," so long as it lived, was the best magazine in the world; and Richard was the reason.

I must not even hint at mutual confidences, which made me love the man, and sorrow for the strangeness of fate. Alas, poor Richard! He opened to me his heart; I suppose the human heart is always a pathetic sight, when we can get a glimpse of it; but we seldom do; and when we do, we cannot impart what we saw. Some years afterward the story had an end, followed at no long interval by the end of Richard himself. All that bone and sinew, strong lungs and heart, and healthy, abstemious life could not keep him from dying, at sixty-three. Considering his possibilities, his life was not a success; but he greatly enriched the life of at least one friend of his, and made that month of our sojourn together my happiest in England.

#### MISSIE'S REPLY.

BY E. R. LATTA.

"WEY is your hair so gray, mamma?"  
A bright little maiden cried;  
"You're such a naughty child, sometimes!"  
The mother, at once, replied.  
"Then, you was worse than I, mamma!"  
Said Missie, triumphant, quite;  
"Look at grandma's hair, and see;  
For it is entirely white!"

THE annual income of the Czar of Russia is estimated at about twelve million dollars.

## MEN MANNER MOOD

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

XXVIII.

A BETTER name than the one he has employed might be given, I think, to Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Seven Seas." It might be called, for example, "Jingles from Jingodum," or "Ballads of Blood." It is certainly full enough of jingoism to make the "Widow at Windsor" (as our author has somewhere styled his beloved Queen) think of knighting so loyal a bard. And as for bloodshed, it is hard to conceive pages more slaughterously sanguinary. I observe that Mr. Stedman has printed of this book that "its ring and diction add new elements to our song." There he is surely right, for I can remember nothing in which the same brutal ferocity and coarseness abound. Nor, indeed, can I recall a single instance of the critic in question having praised an author not already lauded by British reviewers. With his own countrymen, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, it has been just that way; and he added Walt Whitman's name to his list of "American Poets" only after a few eminent if misguided Englishmen had rained eulogies on "Leaves of Grass."

With Mr. Howells, who has also clad "Seven Seas" in the hey-day rose-light of his encomium, the case is of another kind. In his maturer days Mr. Howells has far oftener preferred the kindly word to the judicial one; and yet it seems as if he were straining a point of charity when he asserts that he now does not see why "we should not put ourselves in the presence of a great poet again, and consent to put off our mourning for the great ones lately dead." This, of course, if it means anything, means a direct avowal of equality between Mr. Kipling and the mighty Tennyson. Let us hope that in an essayist often so much more wisely commendatory it will be forgotten and condoned! Years ago, I am here reminded, when I was offering lyrics to Mr. Howells as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," and when he was most amiably accepting for his magazine nearly all that I sent him, it chanced that I wrote for him a little poem called "Napoleon's Heart." It had for subject the well-known tale of how the famed conqueror's heart, after his death at St. Helena, was taken from his breast and deposited in a silver vessel beside his bier. An English physician, who kept watch on the succeeding night, fell into a doze, from which a curious sound roused him. Leaping out of bed, he saw, with wild surprise, that the vessel was void and also overturned. Later, he perceived that a monstrous rat had seized the precious relic and was dragging it along the floor. My lyric ended thus:

"The grim thief, once discovered, fled dismayed . . .  
And yet that heart, whose vast dreams could control  
Europe, and at whose pleasure thrones were swayed,  
Just missed the ironic fate of being laid  
In a rat's hole!"

All in all, I could not help thinking my metric version of an actual event rather pointed and effective. But Mr. Howells returned it to me with the comment: "I cannot imagine how you could write anything so repulsive." I did not agree with him in the severity of his condemnation, but I felt it to be characteristic of a temperament whereof I had already caught convincing glimpses. And yet, even though many years may have elapsed, I can still imagine my shocked correspondent so radically changed in taste as not to hold repulsive the ruffianism and barbarism that reeks from "The Ballad of the Three Sealers." Perhaps this sort of violence is the modern name for "vigor." I know there had been a great cry for "vigor" in both English prose and "poetry" before we became acquainted with this queer, cut-throat, rough-and-tumble form of it. As for balladists of battle we have had a few in past times. One was named Macaulay, whose "Lays" were sneered at by Matthew Arnold, though they had already been the wonder and delight of thousands, and still remain so. Another was Campbell, whose "Mariners of England" and "Hohenlinden" drip with eloquence, though not with gore. It seems to me that Mr. Kipling has chosen to celebrate all that is most abhorrent to his own saner and finer countrymen, apart from the essential bravado of his verse. It is precocious, past doubt, and hence boyish; it is more—it is bad-boyish; and to add that it is school-boyish means, I suppose, the same thing. "A Song of the English," full of Tory screech and vaunt, contains hardly a single poetic line; but it contains that bullying strut and swagger which make England, as a nation, so intensely unpopular, and which have helped, for centuries past, to engender among those who have not studied and accepted her real civic and intellectual greatness, a rancor deep of root. The appeal to Deity, in an age when war is looked upon by countless religious people as a survival of man's most abhorrent prehistoric savagery, addresses the serious reader with peculiar discordance:

"For the Lord our God Most High  
He hath made the deep as dry,  
He hath made for us a pathway to the ends of  
all the earth."

Here, truly, is John Bullism in a state of epileptic pomposity. By "us" there can be no doubt to whom our gentle singer alludes. It is to that portion of the English people which has believed in terrorizing half the Orient, plunging a knee into the vitals of India and holding a sword against her throat, goading the American colonies into just revolt, grabbing Gibraltar from Spain, drenching Egypt in massacre, piling Lower Africa with mounds of dead, and now monopolizing three-quarters of revenue from the Suez Canal, constructed and opened by France. And God is asserted to have been the protective agent of all these proceedings by one who suddenly varies his frenzy with the meek declaration that he is a "singer nothing worth." It is highly probable that no great English thinkers would ever have dreamed of rating him otherwise, from Milton and Cromwell down to that wayward, mysterious, yet still patriotic personage, Mr. Gladstone.

But with the "imperial integrity," politics of Mr. Kipling we need not concern ourselves. As a new poet he comes before us, and asks us to applaud such revolting things as "The Mary Gloster," a story whose "power" is precisely similar to that of some professional slugger punching his opponent into a jelly. The more generally nauseous the jelly, the more Mr. Kipling seems to delight in its manufacture. For beauty, spirituality, tenderness, the sources of real pathos or lofty and ideal drama, he has an apparent bull-dog disdain. His muse is a tenth one, it would seem—a kind of vixenish *ricandière*, with powder-grimed face and blood-shot eye. In all his writings he utterly lacks repose, which every great artist has always possessed. In place of distinction he achieves loudness; but even then his notes are of the trumpet, not of the violin, just as his crimson are of the dahlia, not of the rose. He has nearly always written of things concerning which most people who meet with his work, either here or in England, know next to nothing. Personally, he is forever affecting me as one who bends the "long bow" and loosens the reckless dart. I remember reading a kind of antaretic story of his, in which, having told us certain amazing things about Australia, he proceeded to state that on the coast of Borneo the tigers came down at low tide to eat the crabs there assembled. I somehow caught myself drawing a line at those tigers prowling from their inland jungles to eat those crabs, and an irrepressible doubt assailed me as to whether tigers ever eat crabs at all. I may have been quite wrong, and if fate should drift me to the coast of Borneo I may thrill with apologetic qualms. But that is the irritating point about Mr. Kipling; he carries his pyrotechnic sensationalisms outside our fields of experience. We often have to take him and his crabs and his tigers entirely on trust. And he is so determined in his cult of the spectacular, the merely theatric, that we are tempted to believe him capable of any sacrifice to the authentic and veracious. Distinctly, when all is said, is he the product of a new "romantic" movement, British to the core, if in relation to such shallow materialism and superficiality one may speak of anything so penetrative as "core" would imply. That "wave," of which he is just now affirmed to be the airy and halcyon crest, has supposedly overwhelmed American literature. Still, the tin-pan *plunkety-plunk* of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" makes the most hopeful of us feel that we are not yet quite lost. And into these ballads the introduction of an occasional word which we have been taught to consider bawdy and lewd and unprintable, may possibly produce a reaction in favor of . . . let us say Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor," which some people have dared to call a wonderfully noble and thrilling ballad, though it does not venture upon the Kipling "virility"; or of Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie" or "Maud Muller," both ballads as well, though perhaps containing less of what our new lyricist's admirers might term "stomach" and "gizzard."

Let me quote a brief "poem" which is the "envoi" of the volume, and which abruptly follows the "Bloom-in'" dialectic subtleties of "Bill 'Awkins," "The Sergeant's Wedding," and other thrillingly "powerful" pieces. Here it is, and, if I mistake not, Mr. Howells selected it as something worthy of special applause:

"When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are  
twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest  
critic has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down  
for an æon or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to  
work anew!  
"And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit  
in a golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes  
of comets'-hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,  
Peter, and Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be  
tired at all!  
"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master  
shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall  
work for fame;  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his  
separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of  
Things as They Are."

I surmise that there are certain young maidens who may pronounce this "too heavenly for anything"—and certain youths who will get into a state of goose-flesh at the sublimity of any one sitting in a golden chair and splashing at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair. But what of those plainer folk who regard hysteria and delirium in their fellow-creatures as manifestations better allayed by bromides than encouraged by *encores*? In other days, as it seems to me, Art had her "goal of ordinance," and he who was rash enough to take a somersault over its august barrier had to pay the penalty of derision for his harum-scarum act. Still, in the end, things right themselves, even when it is a question of hypnotized critics and inebriate hyperbolists. The pendulum may swing too far one way, but it gives, sooner or later, a repentant counter-swing. "Art is long and time is fleeting," said he whose melodies two continents have loved. Lowell puts it more sternly: "Hours are long on the clock of fate." But I forget: these singers were merely Americans, and hence Mr. Kipling can afford to despise them. Still, if it comes to that, cannot we afford to let him?

In a recent number of "Harper's," Mr. G. W. Smalley discourses on English Society, which our "Tory Squire" (as long ago the "Evening Post" presumed to call him) of course takes very seriously indeed. For my own part I have always thought Mr. Smalley far and away the ablest newspaper man I have ever known. Nor is it fair to speak of him even as a journalist at all, since scarcely anything he writes would be ephemeral if it were not for the perishable quality of the subject. He is really an essayist of great elegance and finish; our language hides from him few of its choicest niceties; he has breadth, dignity, taste, security, command. These are native, but something else, which he often too copiously discloses, is acquired, and I fear no other name can be



found for it save Anglomania. English civilization is of course a very salient fact, but if one is awed by it (and Mr. Smalley too often writes as if he were awed) one is more prudent in concealing the sensation. For instance, in this article, he speaks of English conversation among the great exclusives as though it were something mystic, oracular and reverend. But he only succeeds in asserting that it is indolent, anemic and silly. "You must," he says, "be of the brotherhood. Conversation consists largely of allusions. People expect you to understand, and if you do not they will seldom take the trouble to explain. There is a freemasonry to which you must belong. It is useless to enter the lodge as a spectator. The ceremonies are unmeaning, and if you cannot give the passwords and tokens, you are liable to be expelled as an intruder, or, which is hardly less painful, not to be asked again."

In assemblages of such ill-bred clannishness I should fancy that not being asked again was by no means hardly less painful. I should say, indeed, that it was infinitely refreshing not to go again, whether you were asked or no. "An English lady said of an American who had long been resident in London," continues Mr. Smalley, "that he was perfectly delightful, and she had but one fault to find with him—he would insist on finishing his sentences." Do we not all recognize the vapid kind of "English lady" who would deliver herself of so inane an epigram? I can see her, with faded face, lackluster eyes, slender figure, rouged cheek-bones, passionate thirst for tea, and long, fallow, flyaway hands, knotted in her lap one minute and preening her coiffure the next. And even if she were lovely, with the wonderful wild-rose English skin and the limpid Saxon eyes and dulcet voice and milky, chiseled chin and delicate bust that belong to so many of her race, she might still babble some such triviality and flatter herself that it was stunningly "clever." But would Mr. Smalley seek to convince us that "allusions" and "passwords" and "tokens" of this tedious kind make up the best conversation of the best English classes? He is himself too keen a satirist not to be suspected, here, of a somewhat disingenuous "realism." Furthermore, he tells us that neither rank nor wealth are passports among the select cliques. How many rich Hebrews has the Prince forced into English society? Of course the H.R.H. stamp is needed, for Albert Edward simply controls society in London, and by one of his fortunately rare scowls could exile the most popular man or woman in Mayfair. And as for rank? Why, even if an American gentleman in London is asked by some English friend, at dinner or rout or club, whether he would care to know the Duke of A or the Marquis of B or the Earl of C, and replies in the affirmative, what does he find? Before his face, almost within his earshot, the English friend requests permission of his Grace or his Lordship to make the introduction. At the same time, however, English society is so enormous, and its desire to be amused is so enormous as well, that caste is forever seen there with a certain leniency of perspective quite soothing to us poor Toms and Dicks. But to state that caste is not really revered is as idle as to state the same of wealth. Both are almost groveled to, if not quite. Still, what saves London in the season from being odious to the impecunious and the obscure, is its tremendous social many-sidedness. If somebody, to use Tennyson's phrase, gorgonzola you with a stony British stare there is always somebody else who is ready to save your sufferings with a radiant, revivifying smile. And despite its worst truculent capabilities of *de haut en bas* insolence, what race on the earth to-day has greater power of deporting itself with exquisite courtesy and memorable charm?

In re caste, at the risk of making myself monotonous, I must cite the instance of a certain New York lady who has chosen coolly either to defy or ignore it. She has position, wealth, a spacious and sumptuous home, and could easily so arrange that none but the most patrician guests passed between her portals. On the contrary, she prefers that agreeable ladies and gentlemen shall come to her, utterly disregarding the fact (so long as they are ladies and gentlemen) of whether they have even glimpsed the Smart Set's Terpsichorean heels. As a consequence, her drawing-rooms are the haunts of delightful surprises. The professional fashionables are so outnumbered here that their commonplaces only reach you at certain intervals, like weeds in a parterre not too carefully tended. And it seems to me, the more I think this whole social matter over, that the professional fashionable, whether man or woman, is always the harshest foe of real entertainment. This being, who assumes to be the foe of Ennui, exudes it; I will not say "radiates," for the proceeding has no hint of brilliancy. The old deadly, nauseous *ubiquum* of the Romans—the overdoing of things, the running of them into the ground, escapes us in this exceptional *salon*. That "World in which One Bore One's Self" has here no material for a Paileron or any other modern Molière. If you bore yourself among these unfamiliar faces, these fresh and refreshing minds, then beware of your own aridness. "He who has never learned to play cards," said some Frenchman, "secures for himself a miserable old age." The maker of that sentence had never known, I think, the real unostentatious, unsnobish meaning of Society. Otherwise his memories of human nature as it is, and not as the heartless mechanism into which caste has changed it, would be fragrant with an unending diversion. Our professional fashionables can talk of nothing but one another. This is because they are all envious of one another, all rivals, all throbbing with secret jealousies, hates and spites. "Outsiders," though Chesterfields and Récamiers of breeding and grace, do not interest them. They somehow believe themselves, here in our big little social village of New York, to be forever bolting doors against people whom their ostracism agonizes. But they forget the hundreds (with quite as much "refinement" as their own, and often with thrice their brains) who would not cross their thresholds though imploringly plucked by the sleeves and besought to do so. Let them unbar their doors, any day, and watch the little throng waiting on the sidewalk, as it were, eager to enter. Let them study the faces, demeanors, poses, of these solicitants, and they will feel as if they were looking into their own dressing-glasses. For like attracts like, all the world over; and since the professional fashionable, the fervent caste-worshiper, the provincial plutocrat, are fishes of the same fin, very naturally, those who are kept out of "the swim," as it is

called, desire to luxuriate in the waters of their luckier kindred. Here, unless I am greatly wrong, the struggle between our elect and non-elect has both poem and finis. It is not a highly important struggle. Many millions of us, from Staten Island to Vancouver, live, love, marry and die without an inkling of it.

Ours is surely a most merciless country for invalids. Thousands of them perish during the winter for need of Southern sunshine and balmy winds. Germany, France, Austria, and a great portion of Russia, are all relatively near the lower Italian coasts. But from our north to the blandness of Florida and the other Gulf States there is a terribly tedious journey to be taken, and one which folk of moderate means cannot but regard with dismay. It means hundreds of dollars for two or three people to reach St. Augustine from Boston, or New York. And the good Florida hotels are fatally expensive—triumphs of fair and fantastic architecture, but with prices proportionate to their palatial splendors. California, fanned by healing breezes and washed by the benignant Pacific, is still only a far-away longed-for bourne to many a sufferer with cheeks as lean as his purse. Few people in health realize the immense pathos of yearning which our bitter winters bring. There are thousands who might get to warmer climes if good accommodations of moderate price could only be found at the journey's end. An American poet, Mr. Maurice Thompson—a writer whose rare lyric genius will be remembered when the "dialect" doggerel of certain more popular fellow-countrymen shall have lived out its little day—now and then writes me from his winter home at Bay St. Louis on the shores of Louisiana. Mr. Thompson describes the air and vegetation of this place as enchantment itself. All through our harsher months, he informs me, violets and countless other blooms thrive in sweetest plenty, and the fruits are almost tropic in their variety, plenitude and flavor. Yet I question if along the entire curve of the great Gulf shore a single hotel exists like those that so thickly besprinkle the Riviera and have now become a delightful feature of numberless other Mediterranean haunts. I mean the hotels where one can have comfort and elegance blended, at from ten to twelve francs a day. Long ago a resident of Texas told me that he could bathe all winter without the hint of a chill in the sea just beyond his doorstep. How priceless would prove the utilization of such spots as these! Of course time will bring it about, and our descendants will taste its joys. Cheaper railroading under the sway of corporations we can hardly expect; and if the State should ever take matters in its own hands and reduce fares, that event will be a victory of socialistic dreamers yet unborn. For us far more than for Europe, the practicable air-ship would mean a golden boon. Meanwhile we must shiver and cough and perish in lands where blizzards rage and Boreas blusters, with networks of railways and cohorts of engines between ourselves and milder zones. Where are the capitalists that will scatter pretty and economic hotels over along the genial curve of our huge Southern strand? Might not the costs of travel inevitably follow, in this case, laws of demand and supply? "It will come, it will come," we hear the prophets murmur. But alas, there is such a lot of us who will have mouldered in our graves long before it does come!

What are these new and odious tidings about the Columbia College sophomores and freshmen? Because they cannot "haze" one another like the students of rural colleges, must they publicly "kidnap" one another at daylight in the open streets? The lower class decides to give a dinner in a certain restaurant; the higher class, wishing to "spoil" this festivity, behave as body-snatchers and lay abducting hands upon its prospective toast-master and other of its most important coming participants. Could anything be more ruffianly and coarse? One is all the more surprised at it for the reason that Columbia is now reputed to be so filled with young Hebrews; and Hebrews, as a rule, are the sons of our most prudent and law-abiding citizens. But, Hebrews or Gentiles, the lads should be vigorously taught better morals, better manners quite apart. It is a fact that far too much leniency has already been shown the riotous and ribald undergraduate. Our police-courts, morning after morning, are filled with culprits whose crimes and misdemeanors are much more pardonable than the shameless acts of these striplings. They come to college from excellent schools; early advantages of educational training have been lavished upon them; they would mostly resent as an insult the assertion that they are not "gentlemen" or the sons of gentlemen; and yet they put themselves on a level with the worst Bowery "toughs." Stringent and drastic lessons should be taught them; examples should be made of their ring-leaders. Even the Penitentiary, for a certain period, would not wreak too heavy a punishment. President Low, it appears, with all his virtues, must lack that of drawing the sword when the sword is needed. In other American colleges entire classes have been suspended for acts of overt rebellion. Columbia is certainly rich enough to visit on half a class permanent expulsion. But already, like many of her rival institutions elsewhere, she has conceded to "athletics" far too much indulgence. She has let her students have their heads, and they are heads giddy, untrustworthy, coltish, as a matter of course. In the parlance of our municipal politics, let her cut off a score of them. The college that writes upon its lintel "He who enters here must leave blackguardism behind," will not lose in popularity but sooner or later gain. And with that ambiguity of "sooner or later," Columbia can afford to cope. As I have said, she is rich, and her existing president (to his honor be it recorded) has helped to make her more so. Hence, with perfect financial safety, she can smile upon harmless fun and frowningly draw the line at pranks that would shame Avenue C.

Socially Mr. Laurence Hutton is the most attractive and winsome of men. At his cozy, old-time brick residence in West Thirty-Fourth Street (which he inherited, I believe, years ago, from his father) he is forever giving delightful receptions, aided by a charming wife. Stored with many precious curios, replete with mementoes from distinguished friends, this home is almost phenomenally picturesque. Hundreds of celebrated authors, artists and actors have been guests there, and

received from the host that higher and finer sort of hospitality which will, I imagine, make him famous as an entertainer among future unwritten memoirs. A man of marked intellect, one somehow is led to think of him chiefly as the admirer and appreciator of talent in others. There are some few New York men of letters—not many, more's the pity, but only some few—cynically amiable in both literature and life. And as a writer Mr. Hutton has of late chosen a most amiably characteristic course. Years ago, it is true, after many English sojourns, he gave us a treasure of a book called "Literary Landmarks of London." More recently he has followed this helpful act by similar surveys of Edinburgh, Venice, Jerusalem and Florence. And now, in the last "Harper's," he tells us, with great grace and secure knowledge of his subject, all about the literary landmarks of Rome. The worth of Mr. Hutton's work in this line cannot be too highly valued. It is easy for the passionate pilgrim to string off his impressions of foreign places—not seldom so easy, indeed, that the facile writing which makes hard reading pitilessly ensues. But every paragraph of Mr. Hutton's work breathes an atmosphere of the most earnest and painstaking preparation. What he has done and what he is doing must certainly take in our libraries, I should say, a place of classic permanence. Guide-books wholesomer and aid-fuller could not well be wrought; but these, in their flavorful artistic quality, give to ordinary guide-books a taste that is tame and stale.

Equally for those who believe and those who discredit the doctrine of eternal punishment after death, this reported dialogue may possess an element of interest:

A.—"You say that you would loathe a deity who could deal you eternal punishment. But do you suppose that Deity itself would care for your contempt and abhorrence while you gasped in endless anguish?"

B.—"You forget, my friend, that you have just quoted to me the words 'God is love.' Well, then, if Deity loved me and yet eternally tormented me, how could he himself escape suffering? For we cannot torture what we love without inflicting pain upon ourselves. Hence Deity would be compelled to care for every pang that racked me; and so, by your own showing, my eternity of torment would also be an eternity of retaliation as well."

## "FOR SAILORS OF ALL NATIONS."

BY HENRY GRANVILLE.

A LARGE burial plot in the cemetery of the Evergreens, in the environs of Brooklyn, is unique in being the only place of interment of its kind in the world. It is set apart as the last resting place of merchant sailors who die in the port of New York, friendless and far from home. It is the property of the United States, and ours is the only nation on earth that thus provides for the interment of penniless dead seamen, in any way except as paupers.

This plot is to the right of the main entrance, on a beautiful slope, and is in the most desirable location in the cemetery. It now contains the remains of nearly two thousand dead sailors, and has been used for their burial for more than forty years.

As early as 1852, the New York Chamber of Commerce called attention to the fact that sailors who died in this port were buried with the pauper dead, and that all record of who they were was practically lost. That year they decided that a burial place for the sailor dead of all nations should be provided, and accordingly petitioned Congress for an appropriation of funds for the purpose. Congress granted five thousand dollars, and placed it in the hands of the Sailors' Cemetery Association.

The plot in Evergreens was purchased, and was opened for interments on January 31, 1853. The plot consists of three acres on the highest ground in the cemetery. Parts of the plot are allotted to Africa, Asia, Oceania, and South America, while under the head of Europe separate lots have been allotted to all the maritime nations of that continent, England and France having the largest lots. American sailors are buried in the plot allotted to the United States. Central American, Canadian, and Mexican sailors have separate lots. Each subdivision of the plot has a large stone with the name of the country to which it was allotted in raised letters.

On the plateau is a marble monument rising in base, pedestal, shaft, and capital to the height of sixty feet. The pedestal has four panels. One is inscribed, "For Sailors of All Nations," and the others have nautical emblems and the names of the first Board of Trustees. Surmounting the capital is a marble globe on which is engraved the map of the world.

The plot is practically free for the burial of sailors. When a suffering sailor arrives in port, or becomes ill after his arrival, and is without means, he is taken, if he desires to be, to the Hospital of Long Island College. If he dies there his remains are interred by the hospital authorities, but if he dies elsewhere two dollars is charged for opening the grave. It is said that only once since this plot was provided for the burial of seamen has a sailor been buried in the Potter's Field, and at that time it was by mistake. The remains were afterward disinterred and reburied in the Evergreens.

## THE LAND REMEDY ONCE MORE.

THE oft-made statement that work may always be found by those who want it and are competent to do it is denounced by New York's commissioner of labor as "a falsehood of the blackest type." It should be said in justice to those who first made this statement that they spoke in the days when the mass of the people knew something about tilling the soil and were not averse to getting their living in that way. Probably there never was a time in the United States when a man could not buy or borrow enough ground to yield him a living; recently, however, it has seemed that hundreds of thousands would rather starve in the cities than live fairly well in the country, and among them are many sons and daughters of farmers. For this change neither capital nor philanthropy is to blame; it is entirely a matter of human likes and dislikes.



## "THE TRANSVAAL."

A SKETCH FOR THE PLOT OF A BURLESQUE IN THREE ACTS.

BY ELEANOR G. HEWITT.

## Characters.

**JAMESON OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.** Wears the brand new uniform of the Mounted Police of the South African Chartered Company.

**AN ENGLISHMAN,** working in the Transvaal Gold Fields. Clothed in the traditional costume of the stage hero and adventurer. Red shirt, broad-brimmed slouch hat, showy silk handkerchief knotted around throat, well-cut breeches and riding boots, all immaculately free from dust. Very bronzed face and very white hands; revolvers and bowie knife.



**A BOER FARMER,** very stout, with figure made up to represent stage conception of embonpoint. Dressed in the costume of a Dutch countryman.

**KATINKA, HIS DAUGHTER,** in a very smart Dutch soubrette costume suitable to her part of leading lady, with a bewitching little Dutch cap.

**SQUAD OF MOUNTED POLICE,** always appearing on foot, clothed in the uniform of the South African Chartered Company's police.

**UTLANDERS,** seeking for gold, dressed in

cowboy costumes, untidy copies of the first Englishman. Revolvers, etc.

**BOER MAIDENS,** in smart Dutch peasant chorus costumes, with the shortest possible skirts, the most fetching stockings and high heel slippers.

**BOER MEN (YUNKERS),** fully armed with repeating rifles, revolvers, and broad cartridge belts.

**TYPICAL ENGLISH JUDGE, JURY, OFFICIALS, SPECTATORS,** etc.

**ANY OTHER CHARACTERS THAT MAY BE THOUGHT NECESSARY.**

## ACT I.

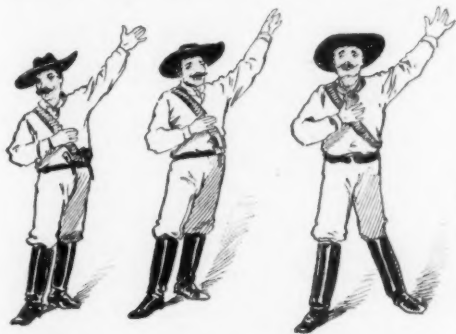
## TWO SCENES.

## Scene I.

The Transvaal gold fields, which are rented to the English at most reasonable prices. They are doing much better financially than if actually the proprietors; but of course, colonist fashion, are dissatisfied with existing arrangements and want to own it all themselves.

The Englishman opens with the song, "What Right have They to the Rent We Pay," etc. A chorus by the other Englishmen, "We Uitlanders, Outlanders, unnaturalized citizens of this Republic, are the very worst citizens you ever could see."

The Englishman is in communication with Cecil Rhodes, the chief and prime mover of the South African



Chartered Company; in a recitative, thinking aloud, he tells of his secret connection with the Company, and of his desire to change the appearance of the present maps of Africa by the help of the Uitlanders.

Enter Katinka and the Boer Maidens, bringing the dinners of the Englishmen in Atkinson dinner kettles, singing the menu and the reason of their coming, before and on entering the scene: "Cold tea and coffee, pie and doughnuts, made by our fair hands." The men try to get their dinners by kissing the girls: a hot flirtation ensues, but they are finally paid in large gold nuggets before delivering any goods; singing, "We would not sell our wares for kisses, but you may give us just one hug."

A fin de siècle love duet between Katinka and the Englishman. "We'll be married in three months' time and divorced in less than nine." Chorus in the same style by the other men, who place engagement rings with large Cape diamonds on the girls' fingers, singing, "Fear not to take these priceless gems, we looted them from the Kaffirs. Should we need more we'll declare a fresh war, which will quickly settle matters."

Jameson enters, disguised, singing the "Hero Song," "I am every inch a hero, I dare venture within reach of the law; no danger of bloodshed when I'm in command, for I've a thorough respect for a war."

Plans the surprise of Johannesburg and arranges for a signal and a telegram to be sent to start the Mounted Police when the Uitlanders shall be ready to rise and assist them.

## Scene II.

The home of the Boer Farmer. Two rooms side by side.

The Englishman, ill of a raging African fever, is being cared for by his kind Boer friends in one of the rooms. He sings a "Delirium Song," in which he first tells his love for the charming Katinka. She tries to soothe him,



but in vain; then runs for the Gold Cure. He then reveals Jameson's plans, shows the signal and mentions the telegram that must first be sent. Katinka tells her father of their guest's treachery in a song of patriotism, love and fear mixed. "His temperature is 109. I fear he has a fever."

"Song of Revenge," by the Boer farmer. With torch signals he summons his friends to council. Together they compose the telegram to Jameson and send it off. This is all sung to a time of dots and dashes as if the message was actually being sent on the telegraph instrument.

## ACT II.

## TWO SCENES.

## Scene I.

Preparations for the grand start from Mafeking. Hushed and hurried music in which the coming triumph is foreshadowed. "Drinking Song" by the Mounted Police, describing their thirst for gold, "Oh, we must quench our thirst with rum"; all drink out of their flasks at once. Gurgling music with accompaniment of popping corks.

Jameson enters and sings the "Ammunition Song";



chorus, "We'll take it all though there's ten times more than we ever can use."

Enter telegraph boy with the Queen's message forbidding the expedition. Jameson winks and replies, "Messenger boys never turn up, so we'll attend to that."

They depart in great haste, armed to the teeth, loaded with provisions for three days, frying pans, etc., singing, "Soon we'll return with the spoils of Johannesburg." Galloping music heard in the distance.

## Scene II.

The ambush. A rocky and mountainous country. Enter Boers led by the Boer farmer, carrying rifles and spades. They rapidly throw up earthworks behind which they conceal themselves and sing, "We wait for them, we watch for them, to give them a jolly good licking. We will raise up a dust which is not a gold dust, and give them a jolly good kicking."

Enter the Mounted Police on foot, under a constant heavy fire, singing, "We swear we will die with our boots on," etc.

No enemies to be seen anywhere, nor do they appear again; but the firing continues.

None of the Mounted Police killed. First, Jameson sits sullenly down and weeps; "A weeping chorus" by the men, and a solo of asterisks by Jameson, with a musketry accompaniment. They lay



down their ammunition in a large pile, and fly a white shirt on the end of a bayonet. They take off their boots, arrange them carefully in pairs about the stage, and sing a "Surrender Song," while laying down their arms. "Twice before have we shown the white flag, the third

time now we fly it; but what matters this so long as we miss—showing the white feather."

Enter Katinka and the Boer Maidens with brooms, singing, "Did you think for our love we'd betray our land." They sweep the Mounted Police into a compact crowd, and, shouldering their discarded arms, form around their prisoners and march them off the stage.

The ammunition left in a pile explodes.

## ACT III.

## TWO SCENES.

## Scene I.

London. The Mounted Police are marched through the streets prisoners, madly cheered by the crowd. First one and then another recite portions of their story to interested bystanders.

## Scene II.

The court room, judge, jury and all the accessories, including a fashionable and select audience composed of duchesses, society leaders, professional beauties, debutantes, divorcees, widows and gaily girls; authors, diplomatists, men about town, actors, bishops, etc.

Jameson and the Englishman in the witness box, in spite of severe cross-questioning, tell entirely their own side of the affair. Jameson intones, "Like Dunraven we'll return again to the fray; but unless they



appoint a committee to watch the other side and let us win, we'll never play again."

Enter Katinka and the Boer Maidens, called as witnesses; though reprimanded for contempt of court and threatened with punishment, they refuse to give any testimony, and sing, "We forgive all, pardon or none, so come back to the Transvaal again."

The Judge's summing up. A recitative in a base voice. "Had you succeeded in a piratical attempt you would have been most highly commended. As there is nothing harder to live down or more contemptible than failure your punishment is instant acquittal, coupled with the deep disgrace of being alive to be tried and the ignominy of being handed down to posterity as the heroes and idols of all the music halls."

The "Acquittal Chorus," by the Jury, amid rounds of applause and much excitement throughout the court room. "Push, shove and tread-on-toe dance" by the crowd when leaving.

## CURTAIN.

## SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.

The double-page this week is an ideal scene of what might be one of the first engagements in case of war with Spain, when it would become necessary to defend the entrance to New York Harbor. The scene is laid outside of Sandy Hook.

## A FATAL ACCIDENT.

In a collision on the Kings County Elevated Railroad, in Brooklyn, January 28, the engineer of one of the locomotives was killed, the fireman of the other was injured so that he will probably die, and an engine went over the structure on to the street, followed by one of the cars containing passengers. The peculiar position of the wreck is shown in the drawing by our special artist.

## TEXAS AS A DAIRY STATE.

THE most important single business movement from the North to the South is that of Mr. H. C. Wheeler, for years the richest farmer in Iowa. Mr. Wheeler has just sold his model farm of four thousand acres, moved to Southern Texas, purchased an estate about twice as large as the one he left, and intends to have the largest single dairy farm in the world. As cattle can graze all the year round in Southern Texas, there would seem to be a great saving in the cost of producing butter and cheese; to Texans themselves, however, the most significant feature of the enterprise is that a man of great experience and means should have moved down from the North. There is room for at least half a million able Northern farmers in the better portions of Texas, which are as good as the best in any other State, but the Southward movement of agriculturists has for some reason always been slow and spasmodic.

## POSTPONING A SHOCK.

Bridges (convalescent)—"There is really no need of the doctor coming any longer."

Mrs. Bridges—"Yes; but for fear of a relapse, I think we'd best endure his visits till you are stronger."

Bridges—"But I don't need either his presence or his remedies."

Mrs. Bridges—"True; but if we stop him he'll present his bill!"

THE immigration into the United States for the year 1896 amounted to 343,267 persons, not including immigrants from British North America or Mexico.

## SILHOUETTES.

BY J. R. HOYT.

## IV.

THE prospect of a large fancy ball in the near future has made the subject of dress the topic of the hour. Some of the old descriptions of modes of a bygone period are very amusing and interesting, showing what trifling occurrences, at different epochs of history, caused the world to change its dress. For instance, in no biography of Benjamin Franklin was he ever probably mentioned as a leader of fashion, yet when he went to Paris in 1777, the dignified simplicity of his coat and waistcoat, contrasted with the display and finery of the Parisian beaux, fired the imagination of the ladies and altered the coats of the gentlemen, who doffed their powdered curls and gold embroideries, and appeared with their hair cut straight, dressed in quiet browns and buffs like the sober republican envoy. The revolutions in feminine apparel also, in this reign of Louis the Sixteenth, were as extraordinary in their way as the other more important revolutions of this period. In the contemporaneous caricatures of the earlier part of the reign hair dressers were depicted mounted on ladders performing their duties, so high were the powdered coiffures of the day, and it was quite in vain that the satirist held them up to ridicule; they continued to rise like the tower of Babel, until the queen lost her hair in a serious illness, which immediately caused their downfall, and every lady in France appeared with a flat head. The philosopher, St. Pierre, with his novel of "Paul and Virginia," caused the next change of fashion. The picture of Virginia attired in girlish white muslin and a straw hat captivated the imagination of the ladies of Paris, surfeited with the grandeur of centuries, and, from queen to waiting-maid, every one succumbed to the spell of simplicity, demonstrated by white muslin and straw hats. Later, when the rage for liberty caused an admiration of the custom of the ancient republics, the ladies turned Greek, and the men imitated the Romans as far as cropping their hair went. This admiration of the antique lasted several years, then a favorite actress of the time appeared in the character of a Chinese maiden, dressed according to a very unique and European idea of the Oriental costume, which consisted of petticoats heavy with frills from top to bottom; then presto! Parisian frocks turned into masses of furbelows and ruffles, which from France crept into England, although the modesties of the time were probably quite unconscious that they were dressing their clientele in the French-Chinese fashion.

It is curious to observe how, in traveling, it is possible for strangers of opposite characteristics, dissimilar interests, and diverse nationalities, to become intimate through propinquity for a day or two, over a mountain climb or a sea voyage, and then to part in all probability never to see each other again, veritable "Ships that pass in the night," but, unlike Miss Harraden's hero and heroine, learning next to nothing of each other's families or surroundings. At the Continental watering places, where the majority of inhabitants are a promiscuous cosmopolitan crowd of transient guests, such ephemeral intimacies are very common; and it was at one of these resorts, last winter, that a hospitable and charming hostess committed a ridiculous and perfectly unconscious blunder, simply through her utter ignorance of the most ordinary matters appertaining to her guests. She was the wife of the British consul, large, stately, and imposingly gracious, although rather overpowering in manner. She had taken a fancy to an attractive little American woman, and had sent cards, for an evening reception, to her and her husband. Arriving at the consulate, they came across another party of Americans who were also bidden to the feast, and, as both couples had lately taken up their abode in the neighborhood and knew very few people present, they wandered through the rooms together, criticising the other guests, and, on the whole, enjoying the experience. Later in the evening the two women were left gossiping together on a sofa, the men having in the meantime wandered off; here they were espied by their hostess, who forthwith sailed down upon them, and, in spite of their protestations, insisted that they were not enjoying themselves. "I want you to meet one of your countrymen," she insisted. "I have just been talking to him; he is a delightful man, and I am sure that you will find him congenial." And full of hospitable intent Lady B. left them, to return, in ten minutes, followed by a gentleman who proved to be the husband of one of the ladies, who evidently had not an idea to whom he was about to be presented. With a quiet appreciation of the humor of the situation, however, he gave no sign of recognition; and both husband and wife bowed gravely, while their hostess, who had completely mistaken his name and personality, introduced him as Colonel Smith to both the ladies. "Colonel Smith will take you down to supper, Mrs. A.," continued Lady B. blandly; and feeling satisfied at the manner in which she had thus fulfilled her obligations toward her guests, she graciously departed, just as the supposed colonel was offering his partner his arm, who accepted it with a radiant smile which was certainly very genuine.

For some time past it has been the fashion, or rather a fad, among a certain set of young girls, to courtesy while shaking hands with an older woman, and, although this is both suitable and pretty on the part of a little girl, when it comes to be a question of a Miss in her teens, it strikes one often as an exaggerated affectation, while looked at from another point of view, to decide to whom this mark of respect is due, and to whom a courtesy would be an unwelcome mark of respect, needs rather more tact and discernment than these youthful damsels seem to possess. Unless one is very old, actually verging on the "sere and yellow leaf," no one cares particularly to be reminded that they are getting on in life, and this is what these obeisances of the rising generation are very apt to express in rather a pointblank fashion. Neither is this custom very generally becoming to the grown-up girls themselves; with the born ingenue, to whom the rôle of jeune fille is quite natural, it is all very well, but nothing can be more absurd than to see, as one often does, some tall modern young giantess, weighing a good hundred and sixty, and nearly six feet, practicing

these artless little mannerisms, and as she ducks, for the maneuver can be called by no other name, to some little woman half her size, who, to judge by her looks, if not by her years, appears younger than herself, the effect is really ludicrous. This custom appears to have originated in America, as abroad they only courtesy to royalty. Still respect in Bourn America is too exceptional a trait to be discouraged, and the fashion is a distinctly pretty one for children; but it might be dropped with advantage when girls are fairly considered grown up, and are thereby on a par with other adult members of a society where age as a distinction is certainly not sought for.

## ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

## A STORY OF ROYALTY.

NOT for many years have the people of the United States been so close to a King as we are likely to be if Oscar II. of Norway and Sweden is called upon to act as umpire under the proposed arbitration treaty with Great Britain. For this reason, as well as for the intrinsic interest of the story itself, we wish to recall this week the leading facts concerning the royal house which his Majesty of Norway and Sweden at present represents. The story is, moreover, quite unique in the annals of royalty; and the complications in the Scandinavian Peninsula before and since the days of Bonaparte are usually so bothersome to even the close historical student that a plain statement of the case may not be amiss. It will be seen, furthermore, that King Oscar II. is really not of royal blood or even of aristocratic lineage.

The founder of the present royal house of Sweden and Norway was Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, the son of a lawyer at Pau, Bearn, Basses-Pyrénées, France, and was born January 26, 1764. He was destined by his parents for the law, but chose the profession of arms, and enlisted, in 1780, as a private in the French royal marines. When the French revolution swept over the land Bernadotte's abilities were acknowledged. In 1792 he was made a colonel, and in the following year a general of brigade, and soon after a general of division. He took part in the campaigns of Napoleon I. on the Rhine and in Italy; acted as ambassador at the Court of Vienna, and, during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, acted as Minister of War. He reorganized the whole establishment of the army, and prepared the way for the conquest of Holland.

Napoleon made him marshal soon after the empire was proclaimed. He was appointed Governor of Hanover, and took part in Napoleon's campaign of 1805, at the head of twenty thousand men. He distinguished himself at the battle of Austerlitz, and, in 1806, Napoleon created him Prince of Ponte Corvo, a city of the province of Caserta, Italy.

Charles XIII., then King of Sweden, having no children, the crown was offered to the Prince Augustenborg, who died soon after reaching Stockholm. Then the States General of Sweden in Council offered the throne to Bernadotte. The event caused the utmost astonishment in Europe. Charles XIII. agreed to accept Bernadotte as Crown Prince, and he went with his family to reside at the Court of Stockholm. Bernadotte's wife was a Mdlle. Clary, the daughter of a rich merchant of Bordeaux. Her elder sister was married in 1794 to Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon's elder brother. As Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte devoted his energies to the welfare of his adopted country. Owing to the infirmities of the king he was intrusted with the entire conduct of the government.

During the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, Bernadotte joined the coalition against Napoleon, and it was his Swedish contingent that mainly decided the battle of Leipsic. It is stated he had formed the design of succeeding the emperor on the French throne. Charles XIII. of Sweden died in February, 1818, and Bernadotte ascended the throne and reigned as Charles XIV., until his death, at Stockholm, March 8, 1844, when he was succeeded by his only son, Oscar I., father of the reigning king, Oscar II.

Denmark, Norway and Sweden formed one kingdom, from the union of Calmar in 1397, till 1523. When Valdemar III., King of Denmark, died in 1378, he left two daughters. The younger, Margaret, married Hakon VI., King of Norway. On the death of her husband, the government of Norway remained in her hands, and afterward, on the death of her son, who had been declared King of Denmark, the parliament of that country established her on the throne. Margaret, finding herself Queen of Denmark and Norway, directed her attention to Sweden, which would have fallen to her husband had he survived. In 1397 the States General of Norway and Sweden met at Calmar, a town in the south of Sweden, and a resolution was passed conferring the government of the three kingdoms on Margaret. This was called the Union of Calmar, and subsisted for one hundred and twenty-six years. In 1523, Gustavus Vasa, a noble patriotic Swede, raised the standard of revolt in the province of Dalecarlia, and achieved the independence of his country. Norway remained part of the kingdom of Denmark until the peace signed at Kiel on the 14th of January 1814, when Norway was transferred from Denmark to Sweden, which rule is still maintained. Norway is governed by her own local laws, and has considerable control over her own affairs. The king and royal family of Sweden spend part of every year at Christiania, the capital of Norway.

## THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

When Charles II. of England, "the Merry Monarch," married the Infanta Catherine of Portugal in 1661, he received the island of Bombay, as part of the bride's dowry. What is called an island is in reality a peninsula. The Portuguese still retain Daman, Diu, and Goa in the Bombay Presidency and a Portuguese governor is sent out from Lisbon, and resides at Goa, which is also the seat of an Archbishopric. At Goa also thousands of pilgrims every ten years come to visit the shrine of St. Francis Xavier, whose body is to be seen intact after a lapse of centuries. The English as a nation regarded Bombay, in 1661, much as we regard the Canibal Islands. The only persons interested in it have been the Honorable East India Company of London.

These worthy citizens made the first English settlement in the Bombay Presidency in 1618, at Surat, where they established a cotton factory, protected by a charter from the native emperor Jahangir. This industry flourished, and, in 1673, gave employment to eleven thousand persons. The number of looms were still increasing up to the time of the present plague. The Mahratta war terminated in 1803, and the East India Company obtained the districts of Surat, Broach and Kaira. On the overthrow of the Peshwa in 1813, the good company, as might easily have been foreseen, took on annexing, until they gobbled Poona, Ahmadnagar, Nasik, Sholapur, Belgaum, Kaladgi, Dharuvar and many other places. The district of Scinde was conquered in 1843, and became part of the British Empire of India.

The territories of the Gwaikwar, the most powerful of the native princes, are to the north of the presidency of Bombay. Bombay, the capital, has a magnificent harbor, the finest in the Eastern Hemisphere. To the left is Malabar Hill, with terraces of houses up to the summit, a favorite suburb, which overlooks the sea. Bombay being so near the Suez Canal, makes it the great emporium of Indian and foreign commerce. It is also greatly patronized by sufferers from "Mal de mer," who prefer to travel overland by the Great Indian Peninsula Railroad, or the Bombay, Baroda and Central India line, rather than prolong their journey through the Indian Ocean and the Bay of Bengal, in order to reach Calcutta. The overland route from Bombay to "the city of palaces" more than doubles the cost of the journey, and only the rich can afford the luxury. Although the three presidencies of the British empire in India, Bombay, Madras and Bengal, are dissimilar in many respects, and the two former have each a governor, council, and commander-in-chief of their own, yet they are each subordinate to the Viceroy, whose official residence is at Calcutta during the winter months and at Simla in summer.

The scenery of Naini Tal, and the Dharjeeling district of the Himalays, surpasses description. The Ganges is "the sacred river" of India, and is worshiped by the Hindoos as the Nile is by the Egyptians.

The standing army in India is enormous. From Bombay to Calcutta, from Madras to Upper Burma, there are tens of thousands of Englishmen in every department of the service. The Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, now Viceroy, is a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce.

General Sir G. S. White, an Irishman, is commander of the forces in India, and quartered at Calcutta and Simla. Lord Sandhurst governs the Bombay Presidency and has a residence there and at Poona. There are 39,319 men in the army of the Bombay Presidency, of whom 12,317 are of the British race, and 27,002 natives. The Commander-in-chief for Bombay and Poona is Lieutenant-General C. E. Nairne. Ten British warships guard the coast, under the direction of Captain Hext, Royal Navy.

The opening of the French parliamentary session of 1897 was marked by the re-election of the president of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Brisson, and the two vice-presidents, MM. Raymond Poincaré, Paul Deschanel, Ferdinand Sarrien and Gustave Isambert. The president, M. Brisson, was re-elected by two hundred and ninety-five votes.

The Mussulman deputy, Dr. Grenier, recently elected deputy of Pontarlier, was present and excited much curiosity. He wore an Arab costume. On entering he knelt on both knees and kissed the floor. He went out of the Chamber of Deputies at the hour for the Mohammedan ablutions, and, on his arrival in the street, went on his knees, said a prayer and embraced the sidewalk covered with dust, to the great amusement of the urchins who followed him.

M. Emile Loubet has been re-elected President of the Senate by two hundred and five votes. The chamber voted a bill for fifteen thousand francs to pay the cost of the funeral of M. Rousseau, Governor-General of Indo-China, who died at his post.

Eighty-two persons, including the mayor Sauvan and his adjunct Salvi, as well as several notable citizens, have been accused of corruption in the municipal election for the city of Nice. M. Sauvan had at first been elected mayor, but complaints were lodged against him, and the ballot was annulled and a second election took place. M. Sauvan was re-elected, but the first complaint was renewed, which has given rise to the present action, which will last nearly three weeks.

Count Mouravieff, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Russia to Denmark, has been appointed Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, replacing Prince Labanoff-Rostowsky, recently deceased. The appointment has caused a great deal of surprise in St. Petersburg. The new minister is a firm partisan of a pacific policy, and his appointment is attributed to the influence of the dowager Empress, with whom he is a favorite. M. Mouravieff is strongly anti-German in his ideas and has much admiration for France. M. Chichkine, attaché of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, has been appointed Member of the Council of the Russian Empire.

Mgr. Clari, the new Papal Nuncio in Paris, on remitting his credentials to President Faure, recalled to the latter the words of the Pope, "Christ loves the French." The Pope claims the concurrence of the French Government to assure cordial relations between the republic and the Church. President Faure replied that he was happy to learn that the Pope held harmony with France in high esteem, which, added M. Faure, is also animated by the same sentiments.

The silk and ribbon manufacturers of Lyons and St. Etienne, France, sent a deputation to the Minister for Foreign Affairs and for Commerce, with regard to the great increase in the tariff to the United States. They fear the augmentation on the coming in of the new President, Major McKinley, will be ruinous to their interests.

## ONLY ONCE POSSIBLE.

Frank—"Do you suppose Eve was measured for her first garment?"

May—"I think not. Nobody else has been, anyhow!"



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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

At the present moment we are watching the struggle for freedom on the part of Spain's two most important colonies. Both, to the average American mind, are associated with tobacco. Something is known of Cuba, but our ideas of the Philippines are chiefly confined to Manila hemp and Manila cigars.

"The Pearl of the Orient," as the Spaniards call this group of islands, is set far in a foreign sea, peopled by a branch of the Malay family—a peaceable and gentle race, who toil that others may grow rich. The total number of these islands is unknown, but it is believed to be not less than one thousand four hundred, having an area of at least one hundred and ten square miles, and a population estimated at nearly ten million. English enterprise (which in this case happens to be mostly Scotch) holds nearly all the export commerce; but the Chinese and "Mestizos" (Chinese half-castes) have a practical monopoly of the retail trade; while over all, Spanish officialdom rules with a rod of iron. It is the old story; but the worm has turned at last. The islands have been for nearly three centuries nominally Spanish, but the Spanish element in the population is practically confined to the officials, military and civil.

The first glimpse of Manila, the chief town on the island of Luzon, and the capital of the Spanish possessions in the East, is disappointing. "Flat as a pancake," the great city stretches on both sides of the river Pasig and along the magnificent bay, which is perhaps the largest in the world. The city has a population of about three hundred thousand, although between 1880-82 it lost nearly one hundred thousand by earthquake, cholera, and cyclones.

The country grows more beautiful as you travel further from the capital and nearer the mountains, which tower in the distance, and where the scenery becomes grand in the extreme. Some of the smaller islands are exquisite, covered with verdure down to the edge of the bluest of seas. Much is still fresh ground, undiscovered and undisturbed, full of riches yet to be developed.

The latest Maxim gun weighs twenty-five pounds, and is mounted on a tripod weighing fifteen. It fires at the enormous rate of six hundred rounds a minute, and has made as many as ninety-nine per cent of hits at a thousand yards. It may be packed in a knapsack, with tripod, spare lock, spare parts, and implements, and carried on a man's back, the total weight being fifty-three and a half pounds. Or it may be packed for the use of cavalry. The weight is then fifty-six pounds, the gun being carried on the right side of the horse, the ammunition on the other. As Maxim figures it, there are three leading ideas in the make-up of an automatic gun.

1. "Guns in which barrel and breech-block were not secured together, but were separated by the force of the explosion, the energy derived being utilized to extract the empty case, the cartridge case itself being actually the piston from which the energy was derived." 2. "Guns in which the cartridge case proper remained stationary in the barrel, the base of the cartridge case being in the form of a piston carrying the primer." 3. "Guns using cartridges with a corrugated case, the straightening out or elongation of the cases at the instant of firing developing the necessary energy for performing all the work of loading and firing."

In connection with the visitation of the Bubonic plague, famine-stricken India now presents such scenes of naked horror and desolate wretchedness as only the Orient seems capable of enacting. It is a striking fact that in the region which probably first witnessed the attempt of the human race to live in the social state as distinct from the savage state—in the very cradle of the civilized human race—there should now be a continuous and apparently ineradicable hotbed of all the most virulent plagues, and that, too, including not only the physical Black Death, leprosy and cholera, but the no less moral plague of a blind, unreasoning, revengeful fanaticism. It is said that the scenes in India at present are simply the manifestation on a larger scale of what is permitted throughout the populous districts as a result of the horrible lack of sanitary precautions that amounts practically to an idolatrous respect for contagion itself. Some of the more unusual scenes in famine-stricken, disease-ridden India are given on another page.

## A HITCH ON KING OSCAR.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has obtained information tending to show the strong political alliance, offensive and defensive, existing between England and Norway and Sweden. If anything more were needed to prove that the King of Norway and Sweden would be prejudiced at the outset in favor of Great Britain, in any case over which he may preside as umpire, the existence of the Stockholm treaty of 1855 should furnish it. It is understood that Russian influences brought it to the attention of the committee. With the treaty, still in binding force and effect, throwing its protection about King Oscar and his subjects, it cannot be conceived that that sovereign could get out from under its influence were he called to sit in judgment on any case wherein the British Government was a party. The treaty in question is one of offense and defense. It was drawn before the final Treaty of Paris (in 1856) that settled between Russia and Great Britain after the Crimean War. It binds Norway and Sweden not to cede any part of their domain to Russia, for any purpose whatever, even for fishery or pasturage. In case Russia should make any proposal for such cession of territory or privilege, Norway and Sweden are bound to communicate the fact to Great Britain, in which case the latter country agrees to help Norway and Sweden to resist.

## NAVAL ACTIVITY.

The United States Naval Attaché at London, Commander Cowles, sends the following to the Navy Department: "The British Admiralty has given instructions for the 'Hotspur,' coast defense ship, and the 'Monarch,' third-class battleship, to be commissioned at an early date for service in Bermuda."

On receipt of this information Commander Wainwright, chief intelligence officer, reported to Secretary Herbert that "as there are at present no armories in the British North American and West Indian squadrons, this indicates a considerable increase of naval strength in North American waters."

Under ordinary circumstances these reports would possibly lead to an inquiry from Secretary Olney, as to the reason for such an order, but it cannot be learned at the State Department whether such action has been taken or not. The importance of the Bermuda fortifications can be best appreciated by the statement that they are the center of a circle, which includes the North American coast line from Maine to Florida.

## A CHINESE INCIDENT.

The funeral of Fang Ching, otherwise known as "Little Pete," the murdered leader of the Sam Yip Society of San Francisco was conducted in that city, with all due pagan form and ceremony, January 27. The principal services were held at Little Pete's late residence, where his shoe factory is also located.

During the morning eighteen roast pigs, two roast sheep and wagonloads of poultry, sweetmeats and the like were sent to the cemetery to which the remains were conveyed. The Sam Yips marched in a body, as did several other societies to

which the deceased had belonged, and the line of carriages was fully a mile long.

Peace reigns in Chinatown at last accounts, but it will not be long, for hatchetmen from all sections of the Pacific coast are hurrying to San Francisco to avenge the death of Little Pete. The majority of the Sam Yips and upper class believe that murder will be rampant in Chinatown during the holidays, which begin February 1. The noise which usually attends the celebrations at that time will afford the Highlanders opportunity to use their weapons with little danger of detection.

## LOOKS LIKE SMALL MONEY.

The House Committee on Pensions has ordered favorably reported the Senate bill increasing from seventeen dollars to thirty dollars per month the pension of the widow of Lieutenant Calhoun, who was killed in the battle of the Little Big Horn with General Custer. Mrs. Calhoun is a sister of General Custer.

## RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION.

By a vote of 131 yeas to 117 nays, the House of Representatives, January 27, adopted, after a spirited and interesting debate which lasted four hours, the bill to amend the act to regulate and restrict immigration. An inspection of the vote in detail shows that the House did not divide on party lines. The affirmative votes were cast by one hundred and five Republicans, twenty-one Democrats and five Populists, and the negative votes were cast by eighty-five Republicans and thirty-two Democrats. The majority of Republican votes in favor of the report of the conference committee was twenty, and the majority of Democratic votes against it was eleven. A few members voted in the negative because they did not regard the provisions of the measure as stringent enough, and a considerable number of Republicans who heartily favored the purposes and objects of the compromise bill voted against it because they regarded one or two of its provisions as unwise and unnecessarily harsh.

This was especially true of the provision the operation of which might result in the separation of families of immigrants—a wife from her husband, a parent from his or her child, and so on. The provision referred to denies the privilege of admission to an immigrant, male or female, above the age of sixteen years, who cannot read a specified number of words printed in English or in the language of the country from which the immigrant comes. It might happen that husband and wife, or parent and child, would be separated, the one being admitted as literate and the other being denied admission as illiterate. This was the chief bone of contention between the advocates of the provision and its opponents, all of whom declared themselves, however, in favor of more stringent restrictions and regulations than those which now exist and are designed to deny to undesirable alien immigrants the privilege of admission to the United States.

As the debate, which had been an unusually lively and interesting one, neared its end, the opponents of the measure grew hopeful, not to say confident, of victory; but if the tide had been setting in their favor, it was stopped and turned against them by the impassioned eloquence of Colonel Hepburn, of Iowa, whose remarks were repeatedly greeted with loud and hearty applause. His speech closed the debate, and when he sat down the advocates of the bill felt more hopeful and its opponents less confident, although both sides realized that the vote would be a close one. It is fairly probable that the result would have been different but for the general desire to have the immigration laws amended by this Congress, and the prevailing fear that if the report should be rejected and the bill again sent to the conference committee it might fail altogether because of the brief period before the expiration of this Congress and the tremendous pressure of other business.



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